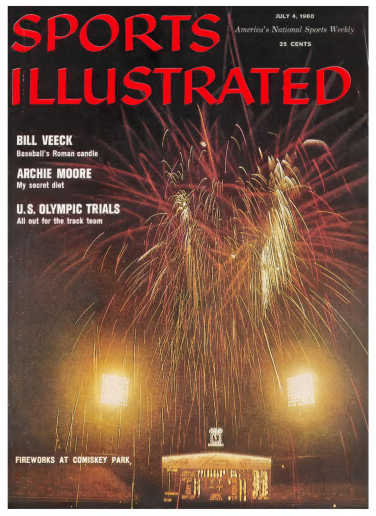


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



JULY 4, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

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ARCHIE MOORE

My secret diet

U.S. OLYMPIC TRIALS

All out for the track team

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Cover: Corbis Out

The finale of fireworks on this week's cover is not just a Fourth of July affair, but part of Bill French's master plan for turning baseball's joyous Easter. For the fire behind the fireworks, see page 34.

Photograph by Art May

Next week

► In California, 250 of the country's sharpest and best-trained crick and field athletes will compete for final places on the U.S. Olympic team. A report by Tim Blaine.

► In 1947 Jake LaMotta threw a fight with Rocky Marciano, now in a mental hospital. Fox, now in his own words, tells of the promise of his life, the fit and the rule which it brought.

► When he is not winning races (see page 16), Carlene Mitchell likes cruising. He reports on a dreamlike voyage through the seldom-visited islands around Tahiti.

Articles continue on page 41

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Garcia y Vega
1882

The Bonded Havana Cigar
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MEMO from the publisher

MORE THAN 650 people from 40 states and Canada attended the third annual sports clinic at Koster's Country Club in Monticello, N.Y. last week. Even the 50th state was represented, by Dr. Alvin Saaks, Chairman of the Department of Health and Physical Education at the University of Hawaii and the coach of that school's most successful basketball team.

This year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED joined A.G. Spaulding & Ross, in sponsoring the clinic. I thus had the good luck to meet Dr. Saaks, and to ask him his opinion of "clinics" in general and this one in particular. My questions could hardly have hit a more knowing respondent. This was Dr. Saaks's third clinic at Monticello. His beginnings in sport were rare. Born in Brooklyn, he was bat boy for the Dodgers while Wilbert Robinson held sway in the '30s. In a progression that might have given even Tubbie pause, he went on to earn his Ph.D. in education at New York University. After the war (he was a lieutenant commander in the Navy) Dr. Saaks resumed his career in sport and education

at the University of Hawaii.

"Partly because of the insular isolation," he said in answer to my question, "I've attended more clinics than I can remember—not just to keep my hand in but to stay on top of the changes." Doing this, Dr. Saaks has also put on clinics himself for the Air Force, in places as far apart as Germany and Japan.

"The way Ben Carnevale (Navy's basketball coach) puts it," he continued, "is that if a clinic's any good it advances sport. You're always looking for just one new idea. If you get it, that has to advance sport. I've got more new ideas from this clinic than any in my experience."

It was good to hear. Perhaps it should have been no surprise. Among those throwing out the ideas at this clinic were the people you see in this picture and a few others you don't, among them Nat Holman, Bill Sherman and Bud Wilkinson.



HOWARD DRAKE



LASALLE'S MOORE, Tufts's Arlenson, Washington's Owens, Penn State's Eagle, New York Military Academy's Bee, West Virginia's Schaum, Rutgers' Klammer, California's Newell, North Carolina State's Edwards, Utah's Gardner, Navy's Hardie, West Virginia Tech's Baid, Navy's Carnevale, Purdue's Moellenkopf.

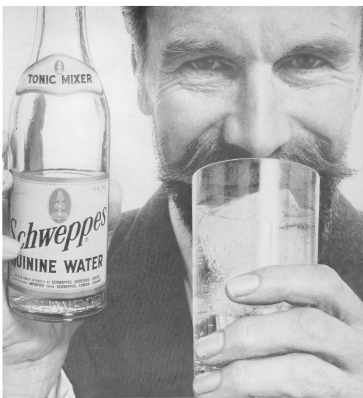
John H. James

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COMING EVENTS

July 1 to July 7
All times are E.D.T.

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Friday, July 1

- BASEBALL**
International Invitational Field Tournament, Edinboro, Pa. (also July 2).
- GOLF**
Bank Open, \$50,000, Grand Haven, Mich. (through July 4).
LPGA Championship, \$5,000, French Lick, Ind. (through July 4).
- HORSE RACING**
MCCA Meet, Rand, Lone Rock, Conn. (also July 2 and 3).
- POLO**
J. Earl R. Hobbs, ELKS, Canton, Mo. (through July 3).
- TRUCK & FIELD**
U.S. First Olympic Men's Trials, Palo Alto, Calif. (also July 2) (ABC-TV, 9 a.m., July 3).
- WATER POLO**
U.S. First Olympic Trials, Los Angeles (through July 4).

Saturday, July 2

- BASEBALL**
Cleveland at Washington (ABC).
Detroit at New York (CBS).
Los Angeles at Philadelphia (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio).
- BOATING**
Pacific Coast and Pacific International Yachting Assn. regatta, Port Townsend, Wash. (through July 3).
- HORSE RACING**
Yankee Handicap, \$150,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV, Mutual).

Sunday, July 3

- BASEBALL**
Detroit at New York (CBS).
Los Angeles at Philadelphia (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio).
- FINANCIAL**
U.S. First Olympic Men's and Women's Trials, New York (through July 3).
- WATER POLO**
U.S. in Am. Channel, and First Olympic Trials, Philadelphia.

Monday, July 4

- BASEBALL**
Chicago at Detroit (Mutual).
- GOLF**
Dwight Open, St. Andrews, Scotland (through July 5).
- HORSE RACING**
American Handicap, \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.
Star and Stripes Handicap, \$100,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.
Pawnee Handicap, \$100,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- HORSE SPORTS**
NASCAR Grand National division, \$100,000, Daytona Beach, Fla.
USA/Circuit Point H.R. Club, Palm Beach, Fla.

Tuesday, July 5

- BASEBALL**
St. Louis at Chicago (Mutual).

Wednesday, July 6

- BASEBALL**
St. Louis at Chicago (Mutual).
- BOXING**
Kobayashi vs. Alden, welter, 20 rds., Louisville, 12 p.m. (ABC).
- GOLF**
Canadian Open, \$25,000, Toronto (through July 7).

Thursday, July 7

- BASEBALL**
Kansas City at Detroit (Mutual).
- GOLF**
LPGA Youngstown-Kirkham Open, \$25,000, Warren, Ohio (through July 10).
- BOXING**
U.S. First Olympic Trials, Lake Okauchee, Syracuse, N.Y. (through July 9).
- Not local listing



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me an offer.' Then the scouts will say, 'How about \$40,000?' and the boy will laugh in their faces and say, 'I've already been offered a lot more than that,' and the scouts will go away to think about it.

"Before it's all over they'll sign up that kid for \$80,000, without ever seeing him swing a bat, and I'll take my cut as his agent and go find me another kid or two and pretty soon I'll be rich. And I won't feel bad a bit. Because this is just what's going on in the bonus business right now anyway."

THE WONDER HORSE



"I have a wife, a daughter and Rye-Bo," said Alfonso Rotini, a 47-year-old groom, the other afternoon at New York's Belmont Park. "That is my family and I love each of them equally." Rye-Bo is actually Ribot, who in 1956-58 marched through Italy, England and France winning all 16 of his starts and gaining acclaim as Horse of the Decade.

Last week Ribot, who has been leased for five years to John W. Galbreath (owner of Darby Dan Farm and the Pittsburgh Pirates) for \$1,350,000, arrived in the U.S. to begin his duty at stud. On Saturday the 8-year-old was paraded in front of the stands at Belmont, and stewards, owners, trainers, jockeys and agents strained to get a look at him. "He is a beautiful horse," said Cal Rainey, a steward. "When I saw him win the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in 1956," said Bonin LaBeyne, Eddie Accaro's agent, "I said to myself, 'Bonin, you will never see such a horse again.' And I never have." "To rent this horse," said Manuel Yoma,

a jockey, "it is cost \$740 the day. For that you can rent many Cadillacs. But when I see Ribot I would rather have him than all the Cadillacs."

This fall when the best American mares are led to the court of Ribot at Galbreath's farm in Lexington, the biggest gamble in the history of Thoroughbred racing will begin. It is worth remembering, however, that Ribot has yet to cost any gambler a solitary lira, shilling, franc—or dime.

GOATS IN THE BULLPEN

Kansas City's Municipal Stadium, where the All-Star Game will be played July 13, has a steep, hard-to-reach bank of grass behind right field. To keep the plot in trim, the Athletics have hired a covey of goats, and they are doing the job nicely. There are some who say, of course, that the Kansas City team has always had a few goats in residence or en route from New York, but never mind.

LE BOWLING

The very latest craze for the young sophisticates of Paris is le bowling—a game that is pronounced and means bowling. Its devotees show up nightly at the city's two new bowling establishments, one in a cave (pronounced "cav," means cellar club), and one just off the Champs Elysees. There they see such celebrities as Françoise Sagan aiming for the un-drai pocket. The French now claim that they really invented bowling, in the 17th century, but this, of course, is incorrect, as the Russians soon will point out.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Stan Musial accepted a portable television set and a radio from a fan club last week, made the poignant comment: "I guess it won't be too long before I'll be needing them to find out for myself how the Cardinals are making out." . . . Ingemar Johansson, retiring at the Florida home of Swedish industrialist Gustav von Reis, smiled wryly when asked if he had seen the film of the fight yet. "No," said Ingemar, "there will be plenty of time for that." . . . Frank Gifford, New York Giants halfback for eight years, told a Richmond, Va. banquet audience: "Pro football is like nuclear warfare. There are no winners, only survivors."

FACES IN THE CROWD



CYNTHIA BOONE, 27, model-belle daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Oliver of Water Haven, Pa., who swam in London's bath at a month's non-diving season, unfortunately as one of The Water Babies at Cypress Gardens, Fla. is required to suit in groups.



BILL PARK, 1942 Grand Academy June graduate, shipped one of two anatomy books that combined to win National College Sinking Championships at Detroit's Cresskill Sail Yacht Club, posted highest anatomy individual score with 183 points.



MARJETH MONTOMERY of San Antonio took triple crown in Texas sectional tennis Jr. Division when she took women's singles, teamed with Virginia Brown of Fort Worth, January Masters of San Antonio for women's doubles, mixed doubles titles.



BOB SALLINGER, of St. George High School in Evanston, Ill., who had already set a national half-mile record for high school juniors in 1953, earlier this season, ran the mile in 4:15, another junior record, in Central AAU meet at Chicago's State Field.



ARMIN HABY, 25, West German swim clerk, ran 100 meters in 10 seconds flat in international meet at Zurich in heat world mark of 9:13, obligingly injured, but a half hour later when officials refused to let him stop watches the first time.



JACK ORRELL JR., a cross-cut Houston high school student with a 135 scholastic average, won the city junior golf championship tournament and had also received the \$1,000 college scholarship awarded annually by the Houston Golf Association.

A SUCCESS AT THE SUMMIT

Given contenders of true championship stature, there is always an aura of special glamour in a world heavyweight title match that makes fight fans of millions who at other times are scarcely aware the sport exists. This was plainly evident last week at New York's Polo Grounds, where people of such diverse interests as Nelson Rockefeller and Elizabeth Taylor mingled with boxing's hardy habitués, its headlines and its hangers-on. It was above all evident in the floodlit ring itself, where challenger Floyd Patterson and champion Ingemar Johansson fought for a prize that obviously meant more to each of them and to all of their partisans than a mere divisional boxing title.

When a heavyweight title match cuts across international boundaries, even the normal heightening of interest around it increases in proportion to national pride. The Johansson-Patterson match included not only this added ingredient but opposed two fighters so dramatically different in attitude and personality that their contest took on something of the quality of a morality play. Though he was a foreigner, the U.S. had taken Ingemar Johansson warmly to its heart during the year of his championship, largely because he enjoyed his acclaim in such a characteristically American way. Smiling right and left, the young Swede bestrided his prosperity as a triumphal hobbyhorse, with his

girl friend at his side and all the world happily at his feet. By contrast, the moody, serious young man Ingo had beaten disappeared from public view, living out the long year of his adversity in an oblivion many thought he had earned.

But if the happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow Ingo represented one side of the American spirit, his defeated opponent—bitter and hurt at the neglect that had overtaken him, forging in secrecy the determination to overcome it—personified another and equally valid one. This was the often-forgotten resilience of the American spirit in adversity, a resilience that has won wars and survived depressions. In the very first minutes of the championship fight it became suddenly, thrillingly and almost unbelievably exemplified in Patterson, as the newly mature and newly determined young challenger set about reclaiming the title he had lost.

No observer, radio listener or newspaper reader, whether fight fan or not, could escape the drama that was pecked into the little more than 18 minutes of boxing that brought the heavyweight title back to the U.S. and Floyd Patterson. It was sport at its true summit. In a triumph earned by determination and dedication, Floyd Patterson brilliantly illuminated one road to victory for all Americans. In gracefully accepting the first defeat of his career, the old champion Ingo Johansson again proved himself a sportsman and a man able to cope with adversity. Whether he will convert it to his own interest, as did Floyd, remains to be seen, but in the meantime **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** salutes both the victor and the vanquished as men who met at a high place and proved themselves thoroughly worthy of the eminence attained.



When you feel like cloud-climbing

Any time a party takes hold, you're likely to hear someone say "Now it's really cloud-climbing."

Who started calling it cloud-climbing isn't certain but one thing is certain. For the cloud-climbing mood, nothing is more cloud-light than Relska vodka.

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DOUBLE M FOR MURDER

**Maria and Mantle are the
bledgeons that may bring the
pennant back to New York**

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

SOME DAY people may talk of the Great Yankee Slump, that brief period in the history of the American League when the mice whipped the cat. It began, they may remember, on August 9, 1958 when the New York Yankees, leading the league by 16½ games, lost a game to the Boston Red Sox 9-6. It ended on June 7, 1960 when the Yankees defeated the Chicago White Sox 5-2. They beat the White Sox again the next day and the next, then won two games from Cleveland, two from Kansas City and four more from Chicago. Last week they continued to win—two games from Detroit, two from Cleveland. The Yankees had won 16 out of 19 games and were in first place. The Great Slump was over, the cat was on the prowl, and the mice of the league were looking for a place to hide.

That period between August of 1958 and June of 1960 was one of al-

most continuous pain for the Yankees. They lost 25 of their last 44 games in 1958, and although they won the pennant, their fourth in a row, and the World Series, they were sick and they knew it. The spring of 1959 brought no improvement. The Yankees fell to last place in May and eventually finished a poor third with a record of 79 games won, 78 games lost. This season the Yankees lost 20 of their first 41 games—making 120 losses in 239 games—and they floundered in fourth place. And then, without warning, they snapped out of it.

There are many reasons for the Yankee resurgence. "Tell them we started winning when the old man got back," said one player sarcastically (a majority of the Yankee players dislike Casey Stengel). Nonetheless, it is true that the team started winning the day Stengel returned after a week's illness.

A more concrete reason is the powerful and timely hitting of Mickey Mantle. "When he hits we move," said Pitcher Art Ditmar. Mantle, in the worst slump of his up-and-down

**WAITING FOR 'MICKY' to hit, Roger
Maria flexes his muscles in an on-deck circle.**





career in April and May, cracked out of it in early June. During the three weeks of the Yankee rampage Mantle hit well over .400, with 18 runs batted in and eight home runs.

One Mantle home run in particular gave the Yankees a lift. Having just beaten the White Sox three times, the Yankees were playing the Indians at Yankee Stadium. At one point they led 3-1, but Cleveland fought back to make it 3-2 and then 3-3. Left-hander Dick Stigman, relieving for the Indians, was setting the Yankees down in order. ("He bothers us," says Stengel.) Mantle led off the eighth inning and took a strike. Then he swung foolishly and missed for strike two. He swung again at the third pitch and lined it into the left-field seats for a home run and, as it turned out, the victory.

Then there is Hector Lopez, who has been hitting well in the No. 2 spot, just in front of Mantle. His defensive play has improved too, although he is still a liability in left field. In Detroit he went back slowly for a line drive, jumped too soon and nearly was hit by the ball, which went for a double. Eventually the runner scored, and Detroit led 1-0. A few innings later Lopez hit a sharp single to left center, scoring a man from third and tying the score at 1-1. "You see," said Leonard Sherer of the *New York Post*, "Hector giveth and Hector taketh away."

But, good as Mantle and Lopez have been lately, it is extremely doubtful that the Yankees would be in first place were it not for their new right fielder, Roger Maris. As one New York writer said: "It is true that Mantle is mainly responsible for moving the team from fourth place to first. But if it weren't for Roger's strong hitting all season the Yankees

continued



FULL OF RIGHT, UNLOVED BUT SUCCESSFUL, GARY STENGEL CHARGES OUT TO DEMONSTRATE HOW DETROIT BATTER DUNTER AT BALL

DOUBLE IN

might have been in sixth or seventh when Mantle got hit."

Maris opened the season against the Red Sox with two home runs, a double and a single, and he has not been below .320 since. Currently he leads the league with 22 home runs and 58 runs batted in. He has also fielded well. In Cleveland last week he made a leaping backhand catch of a ball just as it was falling over the fence for what would have been a grand-slam home run. It saved the game for the Yankees.

Roger Maris is 25 and powerfully built. He came to the Yankees from Kansas City last winter in a trade in which the Yankees gave away, among others, Hank Bauer, an old favorite at Yankee Stadium. "For the first few games I used to hear guys yelling for Bauer," Maris said recently, "but not much any more."

This is Maris' fourth major league season. With both Cleveland and Kansas City he displayed flashes of promise, but misfortune—one year an appendectomy, another year some broken ribs—kept him from the big year. He gives some credit for his last start this season to the good-hitting Yankees who surround him in the batting order—Mantle before him, Skowron (before he was hurt), Berra or Howard after him.

"I'm getting better pitches to hit

than I did at Kansas City last year," Maris said last week in Detroit. "You hear people say it's easier to hit when you're on a bad ball club. Don't believe it. Pitchers throwing against second-division teams are generally loose. The ball is really moving. Once in a while in batting practice you'll see a pitcher with great stuff. That's because he knows he doesn't have to get anybody out, so he's relaxed. But a pitcher facing a team like the Yankees is likely to be in tight situations, which makes it tougher on him."

Batting directly after Mantle does present one problem, however. In Detroit, Mantle hits a home run off Frank Lary. When Maris got up, the first pitch was way inside, forcing him back from the plate. A few innings later Mantle hit another home run off Lary. This time the first pitch to Maris was directly over the top of his head. "I don't mind it," said Maris, "but I do think the umpire might have warned Lary after that second pitch." (Mantle, incidentally, is also frequently thrown at, but with him it is his legs. Knowing Mantle has a bad right knee, it is standard procedure with American League pitchers to make him skip rope periodically.)

On the base paths, Maris resembles a good college halfback. He is fast, especially when going from first to third, and he is tough. Shortstop Chico Fernandez of the Tigers, about to throw to first to complete a double

play, was suddenly confronted with the vision of the 250-pound Maris bearing down on him. Fernandez was as anxious to evacuate the area, he threw wildly, allowing a Yankee runner to score.

Off the field, Maris presents, to the public at least, a quiet, serious, almost grim personality. He is polite, modest and friendly, but reveals little of himself or his feelings in a conversation. He is happy to be with the Yankees, but does not like New York City, which he considers too big. ("Don't ever let anybody tell you they don't like coming to a team like

BALL IS A BLIND BO SUBSTITUTION FIRST





UMPIRE JOHN STEVENS RULES HE WAS HIT BY PITCH, AND CASEY BOUNDS OFF TO NO AVAL AS YANKIES HOWARD AND TURLEY WATCH

the Yankees," says Roger's roommate, Bob Cerv, who also came from Kansas City. "The Yankees are over the tracks and up the hill." Roger's wife and two children are still living in Kansas City because she is pregnant. "Perhaps I'll bring them East next year," he said, and then added with a slight smile, "unless my wife's pregnant again, which she probably will be." In the meantime Roger is looking forward to this year's first All-Star Game, which will be played in Kansas City. He is a sure bet to make the team.

As Maria and Mantle devastated

the western teams with their hitting, the press began to link the two names in the tradition of Ruth and Gehrig. "The buzz-saw team," one Detroit writer called them. "Double M for Murder," said another. Mel Allen, reaching, called them "the gold dust twins" on one occasion and "those magical marvels, Mantle and Maria" on another. Casey Stengel provided the most succinct description. "The fella in right does the job if the other fella doesn't," Casey said.

Of course other Yankees have been doing the job too. Kent Hadley came off the bench, replacing the injured

Moose Skowron, and hit home runs his first two times up. (The Yankees immediately started referring to Skowron as Wally Pipp, the Yankee first baseman who in 1925 let a fellow named Gehrig take over one day.) Tony Kubak also hit two home runs in a game to beat Cleveland, while Clete Boyer and Bobby Richardson have been fielding excellently at third and second. Maria and Cerv credit the Yankee pitching for the team's hot streak.

Need that pitching

"At Kansas City," said Cerv, "we had some good hitting teams, but no pitching. You need it to win. Dittmar and Coates have been good, and now Ford and Turley look like they're ready to win."

Dittmar, who after a slow start won four straight games, praises the hitting. "I'm pitching the same as I did earlier in the season, but now I'm getting runs."

A few hours later Dittmar was on the mound, trying to hold on to a 3-2 lead. He got out of the seventh inning, but he was tired and the Tigers were closing in. Then, leading off the Yankee eighth, Lopez tripled, Mantle doubled and Maria, on a 3-0 pitch, hit a towering home run. With three swings the Yankees had wrapped up another game. It was just like old times, and the Yankees looked like the Damn Yankees again. **END**

BASEMAN KENT HADLEY HITS SECOND OF THREE HOME RUNS AGAINST THE TIGERS





LUCKY

by KENNETH RUDEEN

AT the end of his first shift last Saturday is the Le Mans 24-hour race, Olivier Gendebien of Belgium coasted his scoop-nosed red Ferrari into the pits with a bone-dry fuel tank. A few minutes after 4 on Sunday afternoon he sat triumphantly on the car's rear deck, waving a white cowboy hat to those of the 200,000 spectators who were near enough to see him. Gendebien and his countryman, Paul Frere, had just won the world's biggest sports car race—by beautiful driving, certainly, but also by great luck—the luck that deposited Gendebien at his gasoline pump instead of a spot miles away on the course.

At the end of his first shift, the bespectacled young Kansas City driver, Masten Gregory, eased his bird-cage Maserati into the pits with a handsome two-minute lead over the Gendebien-Frere Ferrari. The car would not restart. It took an hour of frantic work on the starter motor to get it going again.

Thus are races won and lost. But there is something especially apt in that image of a Belgian flourishing an American hat in victory, not only because of Gregory's remarkable opening sprint ("As a matter of fact," he said, "I was just taking it easy"). But also because so many other Americans aimed so high at Le Mans and missed the mark.

This is not to say that the U.S. was shut out. Two Chevrolet Corvettes, the first made-in-America cars at Le Mans in five years, finished eighth and 10th. Ferraris driven by Americans were fifth and seventh. But considering the American firepower at Le Mans, the results were disappointing.

Briggs Cunningham (51, June 27) returned to Le Mans after an absence of five years with three Corvettes, an experimental British Jaguar and a

WINNER OLIVIER GENDEBIEN ALSO FINISHED FIRST, WITH PAUL FRERE, IN 1966

DAY AT LE MANS

platoon of American drivers. Miami's Lloyd (Lucky) Casner came along with another Corvette, three 2.8-liter four-cylinder bird-cage Maseratis from Italy and a team of drivers headed by the irrepressible Gregory. Phil Hill, one of the world's best road-racing drivers and co-winner with Gendebien of the 1968 Le Mans, had a seat in a twin of the three-liter Gendebien-Ferre car; his fellow Californian, Richie Ginther, was assigned to another.

From New York came Luigi Chinetti, Ferrari's man in America—a three-time Le Mans winner himself—with four Ferraris and a sprinkling of U.S. drivers. Not least, there was the little Italian OSCA of the American campaigners, John Bentley and J.S. Gordon, winners on handicap in this spring's 12-hour Sebring, Fla. race. (They were to finish 23rd overall but an impressive third on handicap at Le Mans.)

Before the race, there was a good deal of grumbling over the latest Le Mans rules, aimed at making today's racing sports cars seem more like road cars. One rule required, in effect, bigger windshields; another, that the cars have luggage space for, roughly, a one-liter.

As a result, some cars broke out in Mistle bulges and blisters. But in the case of Gregory's No. 24 bird cage (so called because of its intricate multi-tubular frame), the Maserati factory beat the windshield rule by fairing a duck-top-piece of Plexiglas into a superb aerodynamic shape, extending back from the car's nose.

Cars big and little, grotesque and sleek—55 in all—were angle-parked before the pits on race day for the traditional Le Mans start. Briggs Cunningham, whose No. 1 Corvette had pride of place at the head of the line, held out his hand to a light drizzle falling out of an ugly-looking sky and said, "It's just like old times—even the rain."

Down the line were no fewer than 12 Ferraris entered by Chinetti's North American Racing Team and seven grand touring entries which Cunningham and Casner hoped to shake up with their Corvettes.

At 4 p.m., as a French Tricolore dipped, drivers scampered across the track to their cars, started engines and belted away.

The side attractions

Before long, part of the big crowd began seeking out some of the other diversions for which Le Mans is famous. One could wrestle a carnival strongman or prize a Peugeot or sip a rosé bottled by one of the Le Mans drivers (France's Maurice Trintignant), or sharpen a tooth on the crust of a pâté sandwich. Restless types who strayed early missed the gorgeous run by Gregory in the bird cage. Off poorly at the start, he then passed, by his count, 28 cars on the Mulsanne straight, and the three remaining cars down the road a way. The Maserati finished the lap 200 yards ahead of the eventual winner, Gendebien's No. 11 Ferrari. Later on, after the starter trouble was corrected, Gregory was gaining 18 seconds a lap on the leading Ferrari, but toward midnight the pace told. The car, co-driven by California's Chuck Daigh, had sputtered from 48th to 26th place. Then, again on the Mulsanne straight, the engine blew to smithereens. Gregory cut the ignition against the fire hazard only to find himself without lights at perhaps 160 mph. He got them back on and stopped safely.

During the evening there were two heavy rains. The first finished two Cunningham Corvettes. Bill Kimberly had just relieved Cunningham on the No. 1 car. The rain caught him on the Mulsanne straight, and the car got away from him, careened over and burned. Provisionally, a fire extinguishing crew was at the spot

Fortune favored the winning team of Belgians and kept the race free of fatalities, but U.S. performances were just fair

and Kimberly was rescued unharmed.

At the same time Fred Windridge was roaring the No. 2 Corvette toward the deceptive bend in the homestretch known as Whitehouse. He crashed into an embankment, ripping the car's right side.

Cunningham's Jaguar had injector trouble early and retired with a burned piston. But his remaining Corvette entry—at least one thing went right—ran virtually trouble free during the 24 hours, with John Fitch and Bob Grossman co-driving, to take eighth place.

To the extreme embarrassment of the Ferrari team, two of the works' racers actually did run out of gas during the first stints. The loss of one meant that Phil Hill did not get to drive at all; co-driver Wolfgang von Trips had started.

A third works Ferrari retired Sunday morning, leaving the Gendebien-Ferre car the sole survivor of the official factory team. It had led ever since Gregory's Maserati first got balky in the second hour. Its drivers were never pressed on the last leg of the journey home. From a journalist who now races infrequently, brought it across the line beneath a warm afternoon sun. It had traveled 2,419 miles at an average speed of 169 mph.

The remaining sports Ferrari, the North American team car driven by young Ricardo Rodriguez of Mexico and still another Belgian, Andre Pilette, arrived second, three laps behind. Drivers Roy Salvadori and Jimmy Clark saved third place for Britain with their Aston-Martin. Then came four Ferrari Grand Touring coupés. All in all, just 25 cars finished the 24 hours.

Lucky Casner, who was given his nickname because he was unlucky enough to pull guard through Christmas vacation at military school, rooted his Corvette home 16th. Like most Americans at Le Mans, all Lucky needed was a little more luck. **END**

HAT TRICK FOR 'FINISTERRE'

In much the same weather as the 1958 race, but with better calms after the start and more violent storms at the finish, Carleton Mitchell and his matchless crew (shown at right) once more won the 26-foot 8-inch boat to an unprecedented third consecutive victory in the Bermuda race. In doing so, they beat a record fleet of 335 of the finest yachts in ocean racing today. Here is Mitchell's own story of "Finisterre's" drive to the island, written from notes and entries made by the author during the 320-mile passage

THE 1960 Bermuda race was not one race, but two—the first, a 540-odd-mile extension of Long Island Sound weather, with light, baffling breezes rippling the ocean, the second, a leg of about 150 miles, with screaming squalls and turbulent seas. For the 135 crews involved, the first part was a battle to keep moving by shifting light sails, the second a battle to keep moving by lugging the heaviest canvas aboard.

Finisterre was almost left at the post in the dense fog which shrouded the starting line. Three clames had started before we discovered the race was on. Twenty minutes before our gun, all but two men of the crew were peacefully snoozing below with no jib on the stay.

It was an inauspicious beginning. Painfully, *Finisterre* crept around the stern of the anchored secret vessel in the wake of fellow starters, was forced about by another boat on starboard tack, finally broke away and was swallowed by fog, alone on the ocean, with only bubbles alongside for company and these not receding very fast. To keep moving, we shifted from light greas to balloon to spinnaker, back and forth. Occasionally the fog would lift, and other boats would temporarily appear, ghostly and insubstantial.

So it went, through Saturday night

and Sunday and Sunday night. Radar reflector hung (prayerfully) in the mizen rigging, we crept across the New York steamer lane like turtles crossing a highway. Our main hope was to be able to stay with the competition in the light reaching conditions—decidedly not our weather. One entry in the mileage column of the log was an uncompromising zero, with "stopped, no steerage-way" under REMARKS.

The fog finally burned away Monday morning, and with it went a bit of breeze *Finisterre* had carried through the night. We caught boats ahead and then stopped and watched spinnakers come up over the horizon behind—colorful bubbles of nylon, bright against the sky. In the afternoon the log recorded 30 other boats in sight. As newcomers arrived parallel with the beleaguered fleet, they, too, stopped, until practically all of class E and some of class D were in company-front formation like soldiers on parade. Two days after the race began it was a more even start than the one effected off Breston Reef Lightship.

When the breeze struck is again we resumed our struggle to keep up. Gray Goss was ghosting beautifully, as was *Criteria*. We thought we reestablished the redheaded spinnaker of *Fus*



WINNING CREW lines rail of *Finisterre* in Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, after

on the western horizon. But principally we fought to hang on to *Gelbiwoop*, which we regarded as our prime competitor. Dramatically, she had appeared ahead at dawn, at first mistaken for another boat, so we had not seen Collie Matsay and his fine crew since Saturday at the dock in Newport. It was like our meeting in the 1958 race, except this time the situation was reversed: now *Gelbiwoop* was ahead of us by a scant margin in light reaching conditions where she excelled.

Meanwhile, Navigator Chick Larkin was taking water temperatures each half hour to determine when we reached the Gulf Stream. According to information supplied before the start by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the Stream was shaped like a gigantic horseshoe, the western section flowing south and east toward Bermuda, while the other half bent back toward the north. Between 4 and 4:30 in the afternoon the temperature jumped nearly 10 degrees, and we entered the Stream 44 miles west of the rhumb line—in



sailing up from finish line off St. David's Head. From left: Skipper Carlotta Mitchell, Richard Berran, Chick Larion,

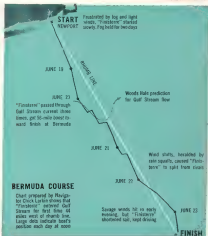
Bunny Rigg, Bobby Symonette, Cory Cramer and Mel Gistman. Ed Kelley had gone ashore before photograph was made.

Photo by William Sherman

the most favorable section, we hoped. Still the weather remained calm. Through Monday night and all of Tuesday, the boats in our class sailed tactically against each other, gaining and losing in the dukey breeze. Happily, we managed to keep even, finally going ahead of *Gallop* before sunset.

At midnight came the basic change in the race so far as *Finsler* was concerned. Dick Bertram, Bobby Symonette and Ed Kelley of the port watch had ghosted magnificently to catch many boats in the early hours. We of the starboard watch—Bunny Rigg, Cory Cramer and I—came on deck and took over with bare steerageway, which promptly vanished as torrential rain killed the faint air and collapsed the spinnaker. Slowly *Finsler* began to turn in a circle, wholly out of control. We lowered the spinnaker and set a balloon jib. When the breeze came back it was east of north. Deliberately we gave up covering our competitors and went back to our usual strategic policy of sailing

continued on page 53







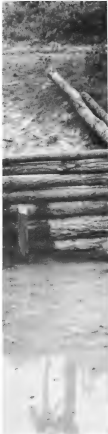
Crash Landing

Jean Whitehead is a bright, British girl who teaches science and likes to jump into piles of sand. An Empire and European Games broad jumper, Jean was having a go at the high jump in a Hertfordshire meet when this jarring picture was taken. Jean is now back at her specialty, hopes to make the Olympic team.

Photograph by G. E. H. Crickson



Three Up, Two Out



The riders above seemed headed for disaster at last week's Olympic three-day equestrian team trials at Pebble Beach, Calif., but none fell. Walter Staley Jr. (left) completed hill slide, may make team on points; Denis Glaccum (center) cleared jump, missed team on points; Buster Harty cleared jump, missed on citizenship—he's Irish, not American.

Photographs by Jack Fields





Tortoise Test

Inching through the picturesque Sierra Nevada last week was a staggered procession of antique automobiles, vintage 1915 or earlier. All, hopefully, were on their way from Reno to State Line, Nevada, a distance of 60 miles. Their average speed: 15 miles per hour.

Photograph by Harold Henders



Record by a Hare

Photograph by Brian Seed

First-rate sprinters like Peter Badford are rare in Britain. So, to get the competition he needs, Peter practices against a mechanical rabbit at the dog track near his home town of Walsall. He proved the idea sound recently when he ran 228 yards around a turn in 20.5 seconds, shaving .1 second off the world record held by Andy Stanfield and Ray Norton.



SOUP-ON-THE-ROCKS AFTER SPORTS

New refreshing drink perks you up

For Soup-on-the-Rocks helps to replenish the salt and water you've lost on the tennis court or golf course. Just pour Campbell's Beef Broth straight from the can over ice. It's a nourishing drink, yet low in calories. A refreshing drink that tastes good, too. When you come in from active sports, have this modern refreshment. You'll like it and feel better for it.

Campbell's Beef Broth—M'm! M'm! Good!



THE SECRET OF MY DIET

by ARCHIE MOORE

Of all the legends that Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore has created over the years, the secret of how he quietly sheds the bulges of good living before a fight is perhaps the most provocative. Now, in a chapter which will appear in his forthcoming book, 'The Archie Moore Story' (McGraw-Hill, \$1.35), he reveals how this summer, as for 20 years past, he is dieting down from the heavyweight to the light-heavy division—and how you, too, with a lot of will power, sweatband juice and aboriginal wisdom, can fight at almost any weight.

I N 1940 a deal shaped up for me to go to Australia for several fights there. We traveled cabin, or second, class, and I soon found the fine food three times a day was putting pounds on me. They served tea and cake in the afternoon, and I never missed that either. Prior to going to Australia I had never had trouble making weight or losing it. But now I was eating like a Georgia warden and began to feel uncomfortable around my middle. I weighed 165 when I should have been 159.

To get ready for my first bout with Ron Richards, Australia's triple-crown champion, I was sent to a ranch in a valley about 70 miles from Sydney. It was my first contact with the aborigines, who before the advent of the English settlers lived in perfect har-

mony with their gods and with nature. Much later, when I first told a reporter I had learned the secrets of weight control from these natives, he gave me the tongue-in-cheek routine you so often get when you tell the truth. I embellished the yarn a bit, and told him the aborigines admired a heavy red sweater I was wearing and wanted to trade for it. He whispered the secret diet in my ear and I gave him the sweater for the diet and his boomerang, which I haven't been able to throw away since.

What really happened was this—first, let me explain my problem. I was not overweight in the lay sense of the term. Every ounce in my body was solid, hardened flesh. I was overweight for fighting, but the very solidness was the big problem. Normally, a person beginning to diet sheds the first pounds quickly, since much of it is blots, or weight caused by liquids. I was over 160 by a few

pounds, but 160 was the weight limit for middleweights, and if I couldn't get below it meant I'd have to fight as a light heavyweight and give away almost 15 pounds. I'd be fighting men who weighed 170 to 175 pounds and, frusily, at that time I didn't want to. I later developed into a light heavyweight and really am now considered a heavyweight, but in Australia I was a kid and wanted to fight Richards at his prime weight of 159.

I boarded with a family named Baptiste. They treated me like a son and brother. They made my stay a wonderful one, and they put up with my system for losing weight.

I had, for the first time in my life, the perfect place to train. I did my roadwork in the pleasant valley, making a lot of friends and learning much about Australian history and customs. The mountains which bordered the valley were a backdrop that would enhance any movie screen. I soon came to know the aborigines and they were friendly to me. These people had the reputation of possessing incredible endurance. I heard stories of how they were capable of crossing hundreds of miles in the desolate Australian bush country with only a pouch of dried meat.

On those fantastically long treks through the wilderness they got by on the strength they received by chewing the dried meat. The essence of the meat was their secret. They swallowed no bulk, but chewed and chewed on a piece of jerked beef until every last drop of juice was extracted, and then they chewed some more. As for water, they were known to go for days without it.

To me there was a pattern in this. These people, who were so beautifully adapted to their environment before civilization disrupted it, got their strength from the natural juices of the plants and animals they ate. They got by on a fraction of the food consumed by their more civilized

CLASSIC PHOTOGRAPH by Hy Peskin shows Archie Moore's majestic vitality.

Copyright © 1962 by Archie Moore

brethren, yet they seemed to be better men physically. I never saw a fat aborigine.

The solution to my problem was in sight. If it was possible for me to keep my strength just with the liquid that entered my body from chewing my food, why did I have to swallow the bulk? I tried it. I chewed each delicious piece of medium-rare steak until there was not a drop of moisture left and then spit out what was left. Of course, I ate alone, and the Baptists family understood what I was trying to do. After a week I found I was as strong as ever and had lost two pounds. Two pounds of fat, too, and red flesh.

To insure my reduction plan I limited myself to a pint of water a day, putting the pint bottle in the refrigerator so I could pace my drinking by noting the contents of the bottle. To further augment the diet, I drank the broth of cooked vegetables and did not eat the bulk. My weight problem was licked, and all that remained was to find, through trial and error, which foods were best suited for this kind of experiment. The results are printed in the accompanying sample of the first week of my one-month diet.

Weighty warning

May I point out that chewing without swallowing is not easy. It is agony, and it will nearly drive you crazy not to swallow a succulent cut of meat. At first I was a constant backslider, gulping down an occasional morsel, but my will to lose weight was stronger than my taste buds, and now I can use this method with no qualms.

A diet like this will result in the shrinking of the stomach, which will limit your appetite even after you have finished with the diet. It is vital, too, to control liquid intake. Soft drinks and coffee breaks are out. Nowadays in training I take multiple vitamins to supplement my diet. Vitamins are available to us in food and sunshine, but often vitamins are lost in cooking and it's a rare man who gets all the sunshine he needs.

People who are dieting should stay away from alcohol. I am not a heavy drinker. I may occasionally have a cold glass of beer on a hot day and once in a while some wine with a

meal. But alcohol is in itself a double problem to a person who wants to lose weight. It is a liquid and it has calories. One glass of beer has 100 calories. Look up the calorie count of hard liquor. There's the answer.

At the end of my stay in the valley I was in the pink of condition and felt better than I ever have in my life. I would have had absolutely no alibi if I lost the fight to Richards. And I didn't; I won.

The basic idea for reducing that I discovered for myself in Australia has been refined through constant experimenting, and I can now guarantee its effectiveness for anyone in good



BUILDING: Archie Moore (264 lb) beat Will Beaman (215) but looked bad while doing it.

I have a theory of relaxing that goes hand in hand with the diet. It is important to relax when dieting. And avoid talking about the diet; you are naturally talking about food or the lack of food.

By eating down liquids you will speed up your reduction. Remember, too, that sleep is important for a person dieting. The body is under pressure while you're reducing and sleep helps you fight the strain.

Before undertaking a strenuous diet, be sure and have a checkup by your doctor. My diet is not injurious and will take off weight, but I want to emphasize the necessity of being in



REPERCUSSIVE: Moore brought his weight down 245 to 270 lbs for Tyson Durville fight.

health who sincerely wishes to lose weight. The object is to shrink the stomach. This cuts down your appetite and insures maintenance of your new, lighter weight.

First thing in the morning I drink four ounces of sauerkraut juice with a teaspoon of lemon juice mixed in. I heat this to make it more palatable. It is a drink, I am afraid, that you must accustom yourself to, but if taken faithfully it becomes a routine and not a chore. The sauerkraut juice will help you keep regular bowel habits. The elimination of body waste is essential to good health.

Naturally, I advocate chewing my meat and not swallowing the bulk. But I am a professional weight-losser, and the average person does not have to practice this to lose whatever pounds are set as his goal.

good health before trying to lose weight by any method or diet. See your doctor first.

Stay away from coffee breaks and between-meal snacks. Candies and sweets are naturally taboo, as are sweetened canned fruits. You must be positive you want to lose weight or you will find yourself cheating. Drink one eight-ounce glass of water with each meal. Don't weigh yourself every day, but do weigh yourself once a week. If, after coming to the end of my diet, you want to lose more weight, repeat the last week of the regimen. Think thin and go to it. If you want to add exercise—naturally, only on your doctor's recommendation—so much the better. I, of course, always have to be training for a fight.

My average day in training is about like this: I wake up at 6 or 7,

no set time, and judge the weather. Once in a while a dense fog settles in the mountains, and then I wait until the sun comes through before I go on my road stint. My objective is to perspire and lose weight while I'm strengthening my legs, and a damp fog would be detrimental to this aim. I may or may not have a cup of black coffee before I run, and I sometimes take a jigger of blackberry wine for energy. Of course, I take my sauerkraut juice first thing.

My quarters are separate from my staff; I get into action in the morning on my own. Dining makes a person irritable. I don't mean I get nasty, but I am touchy and little things bother me.

Back from my run, I eat breakfast, still dressed in my road togs. My breakfast is usually half a melon and coffee (black), with a poached egg from time to time. Then I am put to bed by my trainers, Hiawatha Grey and Dick Saddler, and these fiends spoon-feed me two hot cups of tea while I'm wrapped and helpless in the blankets.

After my high tea I'm supposed to sleep, but as soon as the trainers leave I put on my tape machine and play jazz as I doze. My minor irritations go away and I can relax. To anyone on a diet I strongly recommend some outside interest. People have to find something to take their minds off the pangs of hunger.

I sleep for an hour or two and then I get into a hot tub, where I soak for half an hour. Next Saddler gives me a brisk rub, and Hiawatha fuses me plain gelatin dissolved in half a glass of water. I take that for instant energy, for now I'm ready for my afternoon workout.

Dinner is my time for fun. Any friends who have dropped by to watch me work are invited to stay. We cook steaks on the barbecue grill and tell jokes and talk fighting until the coffee is all gone and the sherbet is in my belly where it belongs. I am a sherbet fanatic—any and all flavors—and have challenged all comers.

When I retire from fighting I want to get very, very fat just once. Not for the sake of being fat, but to put away a mountain of mashed potatoes, a barnyard full of fried chicken, gallons of lemonade and sherbet, Herbert. But then, of course, I'll go back to my diet and stay in shape, because fat is a killer of men. **END**

DIET FOR ONE WEEK

(This diet is to be followed except where specified.)

	BREAKFAST	LUNCH	DINNER
MONDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 1 poached egg 1 slice whole-wheat bread 1 tablespoon honey 3 strips crisp bacon 1 cup black coffee or tea 8-ounce glass water (This diet for every meal)	1 slice whole-wheat bread, plain or toasted apple or orange 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 cup vegetable soup large T-bone steak 1/2 head lettuce 6 raw carrot sticks 1 cup spinach and broth baked beet soup 1 cup coffee or tea
TUESDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 1 boiled egg broiled lamb kidney 1 cup coffee or tea	1/4 cup salad 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup coffee or tea	1 cup clam chowder 2 lamb chops 2 broiled beets and tops 1/2 head lettuce steamed apple 1 slice whole-wheat bread 1 cup juice 1 cup coffee or tea
WEDNESDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 2 poached eggs 1 sliced orange 1 cup coffee or tea	1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup coffee or tea	1 cup tomato soup steak 1/4 cup baked potatoes 1/2 cup peas 1/2 head lettuce 5 radishes 1/4 cup tapenade 1 cup coffee or tea
THURSDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup coffee or tea	small steak 1 cup spinach and broth 1 cup olive oil 1 slice whole-wheat bread 1 cup apple sauce 1 cup coffee or tea
FRIDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 1 small lamb chop, 1/2 lb or ribs 1 boiled egg (or 2 if no meat) 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup coffee or tea	meatless serving broiled fish 1/2 cup green beans canned salad 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 sliced orange 1 cup coffee or tea
SATURDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink 3 strips crisp bacon 1 poached egg 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 1 apple 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup coffee or tea	1 cup spinach soup 2 broiled lamb chops 10 pots olive 1 cup lemongrass and broth 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 pear or other fruit in season
SUNDAY	1 cup sauerkraut drink broiled lamb kidney, 1/2 lb or ribs 1 poached egg 1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 1 tablespoon honey 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 slice whole-wheat bread or toast 8-ounce glass buttermilk 1 cup black coffee or tea	1 cup chicken bouillon 1 slice calf's liver, 1/2 lb or ribs 1/2 head lettuce 6 raw carrot sticks 1 banana 1 cup black coffee or tea

Summertime: Wyoming Division

**On a dude ranch the livin' ain't
real easy, but it's a mighty fine
change for city-fied Easterners**

THE student tour ships are wilting off to Europe, bikinis are popping out on the beaches, picnickers are picking their way through the woods, and summer is in blue-skied command. In all this sunny easiness nobody has it rougher—or better—than eastern youngsters lucky enough to find themselves on a Wyoming dude ranch. Eastern air is swapped for the mile-high western kind, clothes from Best's and Brooks Brothers are shucked for duds from the general store, and the living is as out-of-doors as you can get.

The youngsters and young people on the following pages are guests of Trail Creek Ranch, a 310-acre spread in the Jackson Hole country near Grand Teton National Park. Trail Creek is run by Betty Woolsey, a forester's daughter who is as western as the tumbling tumbleweed, although she once had a whirl at eastern living herself as an editor of *Ski Illustrated*. Her ranch accommodates 110 each summer, two-thirds of them under 21.

What does a body do there all day? He can turn out at sunup, ride any of 48 horses, pitch hay with the hired hands, help with the milking, swim, wrangle, hike, canoe, climb, take in a rodeo, square-dance, fish, pick wild flowers, drive in the mountains, stuff himself on ranch-grown beef and, along about evening, clutch his knees by the campfire and drawl *The Red River Valley*. After a day like this, bedtime, naturally, comes early. And in the near-freezing mountain nights blankets are piled on.

Grooming her horse after a morning ride, teen-ager Sandy Sturges of Sounderton, N.H., uses kickproof approach of her own devising. Youngsters are encouraged to care for horses they ride.





Stubborn steer is unmoved by impromptu efforts of eastern wranglers. Sade Kolthay of New York City and Susan Rush of Concord, Mass. are on either end, while Elizabeth LaFarge, of Providence, R.I. grasps the nother.

Mountain of hay weighing 41 tons was erected with the help of dude ranch kids, who get odd lineneads as reward. Haying takes hands and voluntees two weeks, will feed horses during winter, when ranch is under snow.



Riding and boating are combined when some trail riders end up at Lee Lake. Paddling a 19-pound boat they brought along are Yanner's Anne LaFarge and Harvard's Mal Ticknor.



Swimming hole In southern foothills of the Teton Mountains, though fed by chilly mountain streams, is a favorite watering spot for Trail Creek guests and horses, share and share alike.

YOUR DOLLAR CAN HELP THE U.S. TEAM WIN IN ROME

The possibility of the U.S. team winning the 1960 games in Rome this year depends to a great extent on what funds are available. The team needs money to help it achieve championship status. Many other countries, like Russia, finance their Olympic teams with government subsidies. The U.S. does not do this. Your dollar is needed. It is needed now to help the U.S. team win at Rome!



Get this souvenir postcard mailed to you direct from Rome, Italy



To acknowledge your contribution, arrangements have been made to send a special Olympic souvenir postcard to you or anyone you may specify. This postcard will bear a special Italian commemorative Olympic stamp. It will be mailed direct from Rome, Italy to you or anyone you specify... and will be autographed by leading members of the U.S. team.

The U.S. team needs funds to help them seek out the top U.S. athletes. To train them. To transport them to Italy. And to feed, clothe and house them while they are participating in the Olympic Games. You and others like you are the sole support of the U.S.

team. Please mail your contribution today. Donations are deductible on income tax returns.

MAIL YOUR DOLLAR TODAY!

Olympic National Headquarters, Olympic House,
87 Park Ave., New York 16, New York

I want to help the U. S. team win the 1960 Olympic Games. Here is my \$1.00 donation. Please put my name on the mailing list for the special Olympic autographed souvenir postcard.

Name

Address

City State Zip

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GLENN DAVIS, 1956 480-METER HURDLES CHAMPION, COMPLETELY RECOVERED HIS OLD FORM AND WON HIS SPECIALTY WITH EASE

Over the hurdles to Rome

Old and new heroes confronted each other last weekend in the AAU meet—the last qualifying test for the Olympic trials

BORR MORROW, his dark, handsome face gaunt and bony from hard work and worry, fitted his spikes carefully against the starting blocks in the finals of the 380-meter dash at the National AAU meet in Bakersfield, Calif. He thought fleetingly of the three gold medals he had won in the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, then settled himself grimly to try for a sixth-place finish in this race. He had no hope of winning; but sixth place would qualify him for the Olympic trials a week later and a chance to make another American Olympic team.

The night before, Morrow had failed to qualify for the finals in the 190 meters. He had finished far back in a trial heat, running dead-legged and slow. Afterwards he walked back the length of the course, his head down, picked up his sweat suit from behind his starting blocks, then walked alone out of the stadium to the practice area. He looked tired and beaten and through.

"I don't know," he said then. "I just haven't got it. My legs feel gone. I haven't worked hard enough, I guess. It's not the same as it was. I run

a few 500s and I know I should run another one but there's no one there to push me and I take a shower instead. I just haven't got the desire I had."

He pulled his sweat pants on slowly, his face serious, almost sad.

"I'll try again in the 290 tomorrow night," he said. "I'll keep on trying to the last gun. But I don't think it's there."

Somewhat, though, some of the old magic that once made Morrow the finest sprinter in the world came back to him. In his preliminary heat in the 290, he finished second, but he ran easily and he made up ground down the stretch. He grinned testatively at the small knot of well-wishers who surrounded him after that race. He didn't say anything.

In his semifinal he finished third, coming with a rush in the last 80 yards. His grin was a little wider now. He walked restlessly up and down the infield while he waited for the finals, and he stopped briefly by the stands to talk to Oliver Jackson, his coach during his undergraduate days at Abilene Christian. Then he went out to his blocks and set himself as

he has a thousand times before. Most of the field had beaten Morrow at one time or another this year and most of them must have felt they could beat him again.

At the gun Morrow was off ahead, the long experience in big races standing him in good stead. But Ray Norton, as clearly the best in this field as Morrow had been in 1956, pulled away as they hit the curve, unleashing a wonderful burst of speed. Others moved ahead, too, but Morrow, running desperately, came on again at the finish and placed fourth.

As the runners trotted back toward the judges, a curious thing happened. The crowd ignored Norton, who had run a really beautiful race. The applause was for Morrow.

Head and back

He went back across the field with his head up this time. He met Oliver Jackson and grinned happily.

"I guess I'll cancel my plane reservation," he said. "I think I've got it back. With another week to work, I may make it."

If he does—and that is still a distinct long shot, considering the quality of the sprint field he faces in the Olympic trials—Morrow will be only one of many Olympic veterans who

continued



the niciest things happen to people who carry

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have come back. Bobby reared his neck with the narrowest of margins to spare. Most of the others who performed brilliantly in the AAU meet timed their conditioning better. But for nearly all, the struggle to return to the exuberant speed and strength of youth was unbelievably hard.

Glenn Davis, the Olympic 400-meter hurdles champion, won his event in 58.1 seconds, running powerfully and hurdling with the clipped efficiency that makes each hurdle seem only a longer step for him. He's a leaner Davis than he was in 1986 but he seems stronger, and maybe, by the time he gets to Rome, faster.

"I thought I had lost my speed," he said. "I worked and worked and worked and it wouldn't come. You can't believe how tough it was. I thought for sure it was gone. But this is a bigger challenge for me than it was in 1986. I didn't want to quit, and one day—boom—there it was. I ran a 51 flat. I knew it was back and I'd be all right."

Davis has been fortunate in that no annoying injuries hampered his training this year. But then most of the veterans, nursing themselves carefully into condition, managed to avoid the muscle pulls and strains

which often slow the unsuited.

"We have one big advantage that comes with experience," said Al Castelli, the stocky, 29-year-old marine lieutenant who won the javelin throw with a cast of 273 feet 9 inches. "We know our bodies. We know how long it takes to recover from an injury. We don't rush into competition."

Harold Connolly, who has a particular fondness for the hammer circle at Bakersfield because he set his world record there in 1958, hit 224 feet 4½ inches on his second throw, then forgot the wisdom of experience. He was throwing with a sore back and the long throw was an obvious winner, but he had to try once more. On his third throw he tore a muscle. He still expected to compete in the trials, but he would not be able to work out at all.

"I get greedy, I guess," he said. "I like this ring so much. I thought maybe I could set another record."

All in all, since AAU records were broken and one tied as the old men of the track world let themselves go, but the only world record was set by a youngster, 19-year-old John Thomas, in the high jump. Thomas, who has made the 7-foot jump a cliché, cleared 7 feet 2 inches under the most trying circumstances. A gusty, fitful wind jiggled the crossbar between

jumps, and he had to stand for long minutes, waiting for the wind to die down. He cleared the bar on his second try, brushing it very lightly with his trailing leg, then lay in the seaward and watched it bounce gently a few times. Finally it fell. The judges first ruled the jump a good one, but they were correctly overruled by Pinus Soler, the meet referee.

Thomas said only, "You mean I got to do it again?" He resumed his vigil with the wind, staring impassively at the bar, his arm dangling loosely, his long body relaxed. When he jumped this time, he was at least two inches over the bar. "That's enough," he said after that one. He bent to take off his jumping shoes, and as he knelt he laughed suddenly and joyously and shook his head at the wonder of it all.

The oldest qualifier at the AAU meet was a gentleman who was a track athlete before Thomas was born. Fortune Gordien, an Olympic decus thrower in 1948, finished seventh at Al Center, the 1966 Olympic champion. Oerter looked better than ever, and Gordien watched him wistfully.

"I'm glad to get to the trials," he said. "At 38, it's hard. I know just what to do, but it takes a long time to get ready to do it. I wish I were Oerter's age again."

END

FORM CHART FOR OLYMPIC TRIALS, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JULY 1 AND 2

Top three in each event qualify for Olympic team. Athletes except American world champions, live and on tape, over CBS-TV on Saturday, July 2 (5 p.m. to 7 p.m., EDT).

SPRINTS: Hare borrows a power punch again and with best two-year, in series, should win 1st, 100 and 200 meters. Charles Taylor, with great acceleration, may give 100 a run. He may, but he does. Dark horses: Paul Winsor, David Jones, Jay Carver, Blake Wilson.

400 METERS: Heavy favorites are powerful Ted Woods, NCAA champion, and Otis Davis, AAU winner. Wildcards run for other spot. Dark horses: Willie Williams, Vic Hall, Dave Mills.

800 METERS: Rene Carlier, who's collecting early bids. Jerry Roberts and Tom Murphy, who prefer fast finish, are clear-cut favorites. Dark outsiders: Conway, Lou Stroman.

1,600 METERS: David Barkman, once wonderful strength, driving Smith, should win over Jim Greife, who can't finish quite as hard. Dark horses: Ed Hume, Donny Swann, Bob Hubbard, Andrew Ross, Richard Jr.

5,000 METERS: Jim Harty, with best speed, strength, finishing kick, is claim of gold. EE

Dellinger, AAU champ, rates second to Bonty, with Mike Toney, off AAU 10,000 time; Ing, third. Dark horse: Bob Roth.

1,000-METER SHREPLANDISE: Here, a David Jones, with fast 9:48.5 at Compton, is favorite, but experienced, well-known Phil Coleman is a strong threat. Improving Tim Gasky could surprise. Dark horses: Charley Clark, George Young, Ed Harris.

10-METER HIGH HURDLES: Old, bald, ex-prizefighter Lee Calhoun, a flawless technician, is pick for Utah. Faves give challenge here. Hayes Jantz, former All-American, should out-hurdle. Dark horses: Willie May, Chuck Collins.

400-METER HURDLES: Davis, Harris, who is fast, has two much speed shots for competition. Eddie Southern, strong Dick Howard should take other places. Dark horses: Gil Coleman, Jose Calhoun, Rex Cavies.

3,000-METER: EE Nether, the strongest, Harry O'Brien, most experienced, and Dallas Long should edge Dave Davis for Olympic places.

DISCUS: Al Oerter has been most consistent of long throwers, who he challenged by Hank Bollen, still obtaining great form of last year. Dark horses, Bob Humphreys. Dark horses: Jim Wade, Jay Silvester, Jack Ellis.

JAVELIN: World Record Holder Al Castelli, a harden top physical shape, should not overestimate Ted Ugli. Dark horses: Gary Stanford, Phil Conley, Jan Skrzany.

HAMMER THROW: Top heavy favor to Hal Connors, who's scored up-sets, looks better than ever, but trained best winning AAU. Al Oerter over Ed Hughes, Bob Backus. Dark horse: Tom Pagel.

HIGH JUMP: John Thomas set world record in AAU meet, could go higher in trials. Charley Dumas, Joe Paster, Errol Williams are best of others.

SHOULDER JUMP: No clear favorite in crowded field, but Greg Bell, Joel Wiley, Brian Robinson, all experience and past champions, seem best. Dark horse: Ralph Baston.

POLE VAULT: Doc Drugg, strong man of the pack, should edge Bob Gutowski. Joe Graham, J. D. Martin. But any one of four could break world record. Dark horses: Ron Morris, Anthony Douglas.

HOP, STEP & JUMP: Surprise U.S. record (22 feet) set by Joe Davis in AAU makes him possible winner in Rome. Willie Sharpe, Kirk Plante after heaviest in make want. Dark horses: Herman Stebbins, Luther Hays.

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Ears of Gold

Corn is the perfect Fourth of July dish—it's more American than apple pie

THERE ARE sportsmen who mark the passage of the months through spring and summer by private calendars: racing fans who follow the Thoroughbreds from south to north on both coasts and up the Mississippi from New Orleans to Chicago; sailors whose calendars advance by regatta dates; baseball buffs whose cycles all lead to Opening Day. Let another special calendar be celebrated here: the progress of fresh, local eating corn up through the American latitudes.

Florida boasts a winter crop. By mid-April it's "coming in local" in Texas and California, by late May in Georgia, by June in Alabama, the Carolinas and Oklahoma, by early July in Kansas, New Jersey and Illinois, by mid-July almost everywhere else that sweet corn grows. Served on the cob, it probably comes closer to being America's national dish than any other food. Apple pie, after all, has been known to generations of Gallic chefs as *farle aux poires*. Corn on the cob is strictly American and as old as the Indians.

The word corn itself conjures up countless images of a Minnesota boyhood. The first great fields I knew were on a farm where my father rented a summer cottage, and where an Indian and his brood camped in a shack on the river's edge. My brothers and I were drawn by the catfish in that slow stream and by a Chippewa playmate named Charlie. Young Charlie knew where the best corn grew and where the catfish drowned. We roasted both over a fire beside the water. Corn, Charlie believed, was the Indians' by hard-earned divine right. He told the ancestral Chippewa story of a boy like himself who'd been the first to bring his people the golden grain:

An Indian youth, Charlie told us, lay on the ground weak from fasting in tribute to his approaching manhood. He sensed the presence of a visitor, and when he struggled to a sitting position he saw a spirit, clothed in green fronds. "Get up and wrestle," said the spirit, "and if you overcome me you may strip off my green finery and bury it." For three days the green spirit and the young Indian wrestled, and on the fourth the famished earthling pinned his adversary and buried the fronds as he had been instructed. Sure enough, when harvest time came the greenery had become a living plant.

Photograph by Lucien Dault-Wolfe

At our house for weeks at a time we had corn on the cob at least once a day. Sometimes my mother sliced the kernels off the fresh cobs and combined them with an egg batter to make fritters which we consumed at breakfast. Her version of "squaw corn," an old Indian concoction, was also a hot weather treat. So was her corn soufflé, the recipe for which is given below.

CORN ON THE COB

Corn begins to lose some of its natural sweetness the moment it is picked, so buy it as fresh as possible. Too much cooking toughens corn; so does putting salt in the water in which it is boiled. When corn is not absolutely fresh, a little sugar may be added to the water, or it may be cooked in one-third milk and two-thirds water to enhance its sweetness and keep it tender. Boil four to eight minutes, drain and serve immediately with butter, salt and freshly ground black pepper.

Corn can be steamed by placing a bed of husks in the bottom of a large pot and arranging the ears upon it. Add an inch or two of boiling water, cover the pot and steam five minutes for young, tender corn.

To roast corn, pull back the husks and remove the silk. Dip the ears in water, then replace the husks and roast on a grill over hot coals or on the broiler rack of the oven.

If foil wrapping is used, corn can be seasoned before it is roasted. Butter the ears, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and seal the foil at all points.

CORN SOUFFLÉ (for six)

4 ears corn	1 teaspoon minced red pepper
4 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon grated onion
4 tablespoons flour	½ cup grated mild cheese
1 cup milk, scalded	salt
4 eggs	cayenne pepper

Use a sharp knife to slit each row of kernels down the middle. Then, with the edge of a spoon, scrape all the pulp from the cob, leaving the skin of the kernels to be discarded. Melt butter, stir in flour, and when mixture is smooth add scalded milk gradually, cooking slowly until it is thick and creamy. Remove from fire and stir in 4 beaten egg yolks. Add corn, red pepper, onion, cheese and seasonings. Beat egg whites until stiff. When yolk mixture is cool, fold in egg whites and pour into a buttered 2-quart soufflé dish. Place the oven preheated to 350° and bake for about 40 minutes or until soufflé is well puffed and lightly browned.

A real crown for Floyd

The heavyweight champion, atop the world again, resumes training for a return match while Manager Cus plans a reward

SINCE he won the heavyweight championship of the world in 1956, Floyd Patterson has had but six fights, averaging a bit less than two a year. Two of these fights, one-third of the total, have been against Ingemar Johansson. He is now about to sign for a third Johansson bout. From cities north, south, east and west the bids have been coming in, backed by fervent promises of better police protection than the spectators and even the fighters got at the Polo Grounds, where hostilities swarmed as freely as the bugs under the ring lights.

The return is both legally necessary (because of a clause in the original contract) and a matter of honor to

Patterson, who likes to keep his word. Its sporting necessity is more questionable. The new Patterson, as distinguished from the Patterson who fought with so little luster against Roy Harris, Brian London and the Ingemar Johansson of a year ago, plainly established that he has grown to fighting manhood under the lash of failure.

Unless Johansson now makes a comparable advance, it seems likely that Patterson will be his master wherever they choose to meet again. To be sure, both previous fights ended in upsets. Twice-bitten experts will be shy of a third. There is no guarantee that an upset cannot happen again, for Ingemar's right hand

remains a menace to any man, and especially to a man as susceptible to rights as Floyd Patterson has been.

The only real mystery of the second Patterson-Johansson fight lies in Johansson's curious reluctance to use the right hand more than he did. He had five rounds in which to throw it. He saw it take considerable effect in the second round, even though it landed a trifle high. Had it been two or three inches lower we might have seen a repetition of the fight of a year ago. After that second-round blast, Johansson missed a couple of times with the right (Floyd ducked under each punch), then seemed to forget about it. There were a number of openings later, all quite transparent to ring-side observers, none apparently observed by Johansson.

Ingemar says he believed Patterson was tying himself with his savagery, that he would be a more likely pigeon in the late rounds, that he was saving the right for broadcast at a more convenient hour.

A pretty fair hunch is that Johansson realized, consciously or unconsciously, that his major problem was defense against the raging Patterson. It was, too, and Johansson handled it quite well for four rounds. The Patterson combinations simply did not work against Johansson's blocking and retreating. Only an occasional single punch landed in a scoring zone.

Those single punches, however, were most damaging. They ripped into Johansson's body, they concentrated his attention on body defense, so that when he was knocked out the right hand that should have been protecting his jaw was down to save him from body punishment. Banging the body to expose the head is one of boxing's oldest plays. It is old because it works.

Patterson went into the ring under instructions not to block Johansson's hooks but to duck under them, then tear into Johansson's body. In the first fight Floyd's original knockdown



MISSED OPPORTUNITY For Ingemar to throw his right was one of several times he had Patterson in the vulnerable position that led to Floyd's downfall in the first fight.

came on a left-hook-straight-right combination. He blocked the hook with his right glove, but the move did nothing to protect him against the instantly following right. But in the second fight he did duck, and each time he was able to follow with punches to the body.

With Johansson's guard down, the knockout left hook, traveling upward from a point off Patterson's hip, landed precisely on the cleft in Johansson's handsome chin. It was one of the best hooks ever thrown, and Ingemar did not fully recover from it for hours.

Taking his cue from Johansson, Patterson now plans to let the world know what he is about between fights. He will not be the reclusé of his first reign, the forgotten champion. He is scheduled for television appearances, a testimonial dinner, and presentation of the City Medallion by New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner. His public manager, Cas D'Amato, has planned a European tour, with a special eye on Sweden. Patterson hopes to lose exhibitions there and in London, winding up the trip by taking in the Olympics at Rome.

The peevishness retained

He will find the world more eager to welcome him than it has been before. Partly for lack of faith in his opponents, partly because his showings against them did not come up to the high standard he set on the night he beat Archie Moore, prizefighting's favorite never has been fully convinced of Patterson's greatness. For a long time he endured ridicule as "an overgrown middleweight." He weighed 150 last week. Some of boxing's top trainers were contemptuous of his peevish defense, which is excellent in some ways, deficient in others.

Patterson retained the peevishness this time, but his mind was on offense. For the most part he stood straighter in order to move inside quickly and, except for the brief and critical period after he was hit by Ingemar's right in the second round, he pressed the fight relentlessly.

But it was those two blazing hooks that finally established Patterson in the public mind as a true champion. With the first of them he bowled over a man who had been knocked down only once before. With the second he knocked out a man who never had

continued



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BOXING continued

been knocked out, or even defeated as a professional.

Before the fight Johansson was convinced that Patterson could not erase the memory of last year's knockout and would follow a policy of excessive caution. It turned out quite otherwise. And only if Johansson is made of the same steel as Patterson will he forget the left hook that finished him.

The Patterson steel showed in the aftermath of the fight. Four days later, while Johansson was recuperating in Florida, Patterson told Trainer Dan Florio, "I want to go back into training next week."

About D'Amato

That is a pretty fair indication that Floyd intends to follow through on his promise to be a fighting champion. He cares little that taxes on a second fight this year will mean that he will be fighting for practically nothing. If the movies of the fight are as successful in Europe and South America as they have been in the U.S., D'Amato estimates that each fighter will receive "between \$700,000 and \$900,000" for his night's work at the Polo Grounds, thanks to a special financial arrangement D'Amato worked out for both fighters with TelePrompTer.

"The taxes don't mean a thing to Floyd," D'Amato said. "All he wants to do is fight. And if he doesn't care about them, I don't either."

The jubilant D'Amato is preparing a special reward for Patterson. He has asked jewelers to submit designs for an actual crown—a golden, jewel-studded one—to be presented to Patterson at a testimonial dinner that Jackie Robinson is arranging.

"It's going to be all solid gold," D'Amato said, "and it will have genuine jewels in it. I don't know what it will cost—maybe \$20,000, maybe even \$35,000. I have no idea, and I don't care. Floyd gave me the greatest night of my life."

Though Roy M. Cohn, of Feature Sports Inc., has said that the next fight will be in Los Angeles, D'Amato's vote on this has yet to be cast. "We'll fight where we get the best offer," D'Amato said. "We fought in New York this time because Johansson insisted on it and he was champion. Now Patterson is champion."

And worthy of that golden, jewel-studded crown.

END



1 ELEVATION tests baby's progress. At first, baby's legs will hang down, but as back grows stronger baby will hold legs out straight.



2 SHOULDER ROTATION flexes and strengthens arm and shoulder muscles. Hold baby's lower arm and gently rotate it forward until palm is on floor. Then rotate outward till palm is up. Do six each side.



3 THE HEDGE is one exercise baby can soon do on his own. Place baby's heels on your knees, then help baby arch his back. Before long, baby will raise himself.

Size 4-5cm

FITNESS / Bonnie Prudden

The fun begins

The 4-month-old baby is ready for more vigorous exercises than the 2- or 3-month-old (SI, May 2 & June 6). What's more, as little René Fontana shows here, the baby will respond to the awakening strength of his body with exuberant physical effort of his own. This makes the exercises a time of fun for both baby and mother.

4 THE ANCHOR is another test of baby's back strength and at the same time a good upper back builder. Hold baby's legs down gently but firmly to give baby a chance to lift his head and upper body.



5 HIP TWIST like the earlier leg scissors exercise for 3-month-old, increases hip flexibility. Spread baby's legs gently and then lift right leg up and cross over left leg. Alternate legs. Do six each side.



AN EXERCISE FOR MOTHER, the back arch, helps strengthen lower back. Begin on knees, lift leg up, back. Raise head. Do right each side, repeat four times daily.





THE OAKS TROPHY is presented to Berlo's winning jockey, James Eric Gustin, and Trainer Dick Handlen (right), to P. Archibald Clark, head of Coaching Club members.

HORSE RACING / *Whitney Towner*

A new queen: Berlo

The winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks also is a top brood mare prospect

WHETHER blood mares should be chosen by performance, pedigree or a suitable combination of both has been one of racing's perennial arguments. Yet there never has been any particular emphasis in the industry on filly and mare races. Many tracks refuse to put on major stakes for females on the grounds that they are poor betting propositions. Others allot so much added money to lure big-name colts that the one way a filly can gain recognition is to challenge and beat the opposite sex.

Only on the New York circuit and at Delaware Park is there a real chance for race mares to take the spotlight while competing with each other. In New York, the Coaching Club American Oaks and later the Alabama, the Beldame and the Ladies yield some exceptional champions. And at Delaware Park the July series known as the Dintoff Big Three always produces an exciting a round of races as you'll find anywhere in the country. The basic

reason for this is that many leading broodmare races in New York or Delaware, and it has become traditional for tracks in these states to cater to this sparcely and relatively noncommercial type of racing. The reason so many mares enjoy long racing careers may be that most of the better ones are owned by those same breeders, who obviously can afford to "wait" with them. Less prosperous operators often damage their filles with excessive racing at the age of 2.

We had a perfect example of "wait and win" at Belmont Park last week when Berlo won the Coaching Club American Oaks. This race for 3-year-old fillies at a mile and a quarter (it used to be a mile and three-eighths before the abandonment of the Widener Clubs) is regarded as the filly equivalent of the Belmont Stakes, and its winners have carried such illustrious names as Top Flight, Twilight Tear, Next Move, Real Delight and A Glitter.

If you haven't heard of Berlo, owned by William duPont Jr.'s Foxcatcher Farms, it is probably because the 2-year-old colts were making all the big-money news last year—and have continued to run each other into

the ground all this past winter and spring. At 14 hands, Berlo is big and strong for a filly, not fancy looking, but with lots of quality nonetheless. She has, says Trainer Dick Handlen, "always been a bit on the keen side, but we decided to bring her along with a good deal of patience. Our objective for this season was to win a great broodmare race, the Coaching Club American Oaks. If we can repeat in the Delaware Oaks, fine—but I think we've already proven that we have an outstanding race mare."

Berlo, by Heliopolis out of the Hosiennet mare Fatsomay, did not distinguish herself in the Coaching Club event as much as she did in winning the June 8 Mather Goose, but she has still earned the title of champion of her division after a total of only six starts. Thoroughbred Coaching Club field had to run the first three-quarters of a mile into a stiff headwind, and the pace set by Golden Phipps's Sarcastic wasn't about to break any stop watches. Then Eric Gustin took over with Berlo, but he had to use his stick on her all the way to get her home three-quarters of a length ahead of Sarcastic. Trainer Handlen says she should be able to go any distance now, but a few horsesmen noted a couple of suspicious angles which could have accounted for Berlo's somewhat dull performance. This also makes her future racing career difficult to predict.

As a future brood mare, however, Berlo promises a great deal. Her racing record has only one blemish: she got away badly in her first start last October and finished third, though she was beaten only a length and a half. A week later she won easily. And this year she has won all four starts, two of them stakes against the best eastern fillies of her age.

Despite all this and her impeccable breeding on both sire and dam side, there is no guarantee that Berlo will ever drop a foal capable of beating a fat man up a hill—even if she's bred to a Ribot or Round Table. Reproducing quality Thoroughbreds is still an inexact science. On the other hand, if she remains sound, Berlo might find this just the year to add to her stature by taking on the poorest crop of 3-year-old colts we've had in some time. When a filly beats the colts you usually can be sure that the colts aren't much so that the filly is a hell of a good one.

END



U.S. POLITICS

Partly politics is brass bands, baby-kissing and the hearty handshake—a spectacle that runs baseball a dead heat as the national favorite. But it's also the deadly serious business of electing dedicated, qualified people to the heavy task of wisely governing a free people. Both these aspects of American Politics have been captured by the Editors of LIFE in a special election year issue, datelined July 4, out this week. A partial table of contents appears below. After reading it, we hope you will agree that this is the kind of story only LIFE has the resources to undertake, the kind only LIFE reports so well.

C. D. Jackson, Publisher

- The Look of Politics:** In pages of color photographs, Cornell Cape shows trials and triumphs of Americans who seek public office.
- The 1968 Race:** Latest news in pictures of the candidates, their campaigns, their chances for election.
- The Democratic Convention:** A preview, including a detailed drawing of the convention floor with key men pin-pointed.
- Great Moments in Politics:** A 12-page portfolio of specially-commissioned paintings in full color—George Washington to F.D.R.
- The Higher Politics:** LIFE examines the great election issues, national and international, that affect our welfare.
- Religion in Politics:** Robert Coughlan writes on what may be the most important issue in the 1960 campaign.
- Buttons and Banners:** A gay, nostalgic, full color review of political memorabilia from the last 25 campaigns... and much, much more.

Vanderbilt is the name

America's once-famous auto race produced some fast driving—and hot arguments

OVER THE YEARS the Vanderbilt Cup has become the grail of American road racing—if not holy, at least blessed in retrospect. When the race was revived a fortnight ago on Long Island after it had been in limbo for 23 years, a number of orthodox traditionalists went into mourning for the oldtime rites of racing. Nevertheless, the mixed marriage between those militant amateurs, the Sports Car Club of America, and those skillful professionals, Roosevelt Raceway,

Inc., produced a 1990 version of the Vanderbilt Cup, and 33 drivers lined up in tiny Formula Junior cars to make a run for it.

The race was won by Harry Carter, a 37-year-old amateur who "maintains racing cars," as he puts it, in Litchfield, Conn. Although Carter has a solid reputation around New England as a sports car chauffeur, his achievement should seem almost blinding when one considers that he beat such driving celebrities as Jim Rathmann, this year's Indianapolis winner; Rodger Ward, last year's lady winner; the young Rodriguez brothers from Mexico; Carroll Shelby, who won at Le Mans last year; and Walt

Hanzen and George Constantine, the foremost of the SCCA amateurs in 1959. Unfortunately, Carter's victory was not what it might have been. All these superb drivers ran into misfortune, and only the talented Rodriguez art figured in the contest past the middle stages.

One after another

One of the major objections of the purists to running this race for the Vanderbilt Cup was that neither the cars nor the course was of championship dimensions. Formula Junior is a recent international classification for a wee mite of a road-racing car, slightly larger than a soapbox coaster. The Junior was originally designed as an inexpensive vehicle for safely training novice drivers in the dangerous art of speed. Its engine is limited to 1,100 cc, which is roughly the size installed in the Fiat, Volkswagens, Renaults and other very small European cars now darting around our suburbs. But the rest of the Formula Junior car looks like something out of Indianapolis or Nurburgring. To put a

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WINNER CARTER (W) IN FLYING START

good mechanic on a machine this size and before long he'll have it going like gangbusters.

The best proof of this was the winning performance of Harry Carter. He was driving a Stanguellini, one of the most popular of the Italian Formula Junior makes, and under the hood was a Fiat engine. Yet his average speed over the 75 miles of the race was 76.96 mph. In another race the day before, Walt Hansen in a bird-cage Maserati, one of the fastest sports cars now in competition, had averaged only 73.6 for 30 miles.

Nonetheless, it must be admitted that a Formula Junior race is a far cry from the glory days of Vanderbilt Cup racing—and not just in years. Back in 1904, when the late William K. Vanderbilt Jr. donated the first Vanderbilt Cup, the race attracted the world's leading cars and drivers to Long Island. In 1908 there were 200,000 people lining the course for the all-day event. The crowd, in fact, eventually became so large and obnoxious that the race was moved to the far ends of the country before it was finally abandoned after 1916.

In 1936 and 1937 there was a brief revival of the Vanderbilt Cup—this time with young George Vanderbilt as donor, the original trophy having been retired to the Smithsonian Institution as a relic of early-day motoring. Once again the event ranked among the classic road races of the world and brought an appropriate field of cars and drivers from abroad. Fittingly, the first renewal was won by the late Tazio Nuvolari, the Ital-

continued

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Peach-Pink

ian driver who dominated the era. But American interest in road racing never revived sufficiently to make it worthwhile to keep the race going.

In fact, the whole thing was pretty well forgotten until last year. By that time Roosevelt Raceway, the site of the second Vanderbilt Cup race, had been converted into a bright-as-brass trotting track with a couple of months of open summer dates while the trotters trotted elsewhere. The thought occurred to the raceway people that maybe the time had come to bring road racing back to its manager.

This year, when Roosevelt and the SCCA jointly announced they had agreed to revive the race, a howl went up that sounded like an Eisenhower reception in Tokyo. The traditionalists were outraged that a strictly amateur outfit like the SCCA should smirch the Vanderbilt name by putting up the asp for a strictly minor clamshell. It was argued that the premier drivers like Stirling Moss, Phil Hill and Jack Brabham would be engaged on the European circuit, so who but the local bumpkins would show for an amateur race on the outskirts of New York City?

The critics did not figure on the professional competence of the Raceway management. The trotting people first persuaded the Avery Brundage of SCCA to permit an "open" race—with professionals competing against amateurs. Since SCCA is adamant against prize money and other debasing emoluments, Roosevelt lured the five professional name drivers—Rathmann, Ward, the Rodriguez brothers and Shelby—with generous expense accounts. Even so, the purists were not mollified. They feared that all the high-powered publicity—and the New York press really turned it on—would jerk the public into a high state of anticipation and that the anticlimax would turn into disenchantment after the public was exposed to these autos slightly out of the kiddy car class.

The returns are not in from the 37,371 New Yorkers who turned up at Roosevelt Raceway. Certainly it wasn't Indianapolis or Nürburgring that they saw, but a spectator had the feeling he might have been watching one of these classics—through the wrong end of a telescope.

END

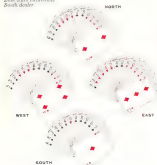


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The giveaway

UNEXPECTED GIFTS have carried an implied warning to beware ever since the Greeks parked their wooden horse outside Troy's gates. Nevertheless, the giveaway remains a highly successful device, especially in bridge when, by deliberately giving an opponent a trick, you leave him no alternative but to go wrong. This beautiful play is rare, however. Not only must you recognize that you will gain by tossing a trick out as bait—you must recognize it instantly. The slightest hesitation will give you away along with the trick. In the following deal Lee Hazen proved himself a master of this tactic.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3♠	PASS	6♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♠	PASS
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade draw

After North's encouraging responses, South used Blackwood to check for controls. When he found North with an aceless hand, he took the gamble that partner had some sort of club fit—either the queen or a short

suit—or could furnish enough trick-winning material in the red suits to take care of a possible club loser.

It was not an unreasonable gamble, and when dummy's cards were put down it appeared that the gamble would pay off. And it would have against a less astute defense.

Hazen, with the weak West hand, elected to open a trump and dummy's 8 won the trick. Declarer led a low club from dummy, planning to cash his ace and king and ruff one or, if necessary, two clubs with dummy's remaining trumps, a plan that would have succeeded admirably if declarer had pursued it. After ruffing the third club, declarer would return to his hand with the ace of diamonds and trump a fourth club with dummy's queen of spades. Getting back to his hand by trumping a diamond, declarer would draw West's remaining trumps. His last club would be good and in the end he would concede one trick to the ace of hearts and make his slam.

But then Hazen trotted out a Trojan horse. On the very first club lead, he dropped the queen!

Put yourself in South's place. He had to assume that if he led another club, West would trump dummy's jack. Then the defenders could also cash the ace of hearts to set the slam. On the other hand, if South drew the trumps he would prevent West from getting a ruff. Then if the hearts were favorably placed, that suit might be made to furnish declarer two club discards and he'd be home free.

So South drew trumps and played his heart. West played low, and after agonizing over whether to finesse for the jack by letting his 9 ride, South put up the queen. East won and returned a diamond, which South won with the ace. Two more rounds of trumps squeezed no one. Declarer then led to dummy's club jack and discovered West's deceit. He took one club discard on the king of hearts but that left him with the ace and 8 of clubs while Hazen held the 10-6. Hazen won the eventual setting trick with the 10 of clubs—a feat that would have been impossible had he not sacrificed the queen.

EXTRA TRICK

A trump, usually a poor lead against a slam bid, is often a good lead when you hold strength in the second suit declarer has bid. Note that if West had opened a heart, declarer could allow the lead to run to his 8-spot and later take a ruffing finesse against East's ace. With that play, even Hazen's brilliant take-card in clubs could not have succeeded in setting the contract. **END**



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SHOOTING/Virginia Kraft

Shocked shell case

Out of a torture chamber at Remington comes the toughest shell ever made for hunters

IT WAS A warm June day in Bridgeport, Conn., four months away from any legal duck hunting. Nevertheless, the Remington Arms Co. managed to prove, by a series of tests that packed much of the misery of half a dozen duck seasons into one morning, that a steel and plastic shotgun shell it had just developed was going to be the first made for waterproof shooting. In fact, the new shell, which goes on sale this week under the Remington and Peters labels as the Premium Grade SP, may well be the strongest, safest, most stable ever produced for any kind of shotgun shooting.

For the past 80 years the most popular shotgun shell casings have been made of brass and wax-impregnated cardboard. The best of them have not stood up very well in real duck weather. Soaked by rain or salt water, they often swell so that they will not fit into a gun. And on the coldest days they may crack when fired, causing a dangerous flash-back.

In Remington's tests mixed groups of shells were quick-frozen and then fired. The brass-and-cardboard shells cracked. The new shells functioned perfectly. Then a handful of shells were pulled out of a bucket after a 24-hour soaking. The old ones would

not fit in a gun chamber; the SPs fitted easily and fired with no loss of power. Other groups of shells were then boiled, humidified, whirled in a Bendix, tortured in a vise, dry-heated and finally given an hour's battering in a cement mixer. After every test the old shells had either disintegrated or were, at best, unusable. All the SPs were in first-rate firing condition.

The secret of strength in the new shell—and it will remain a secret until Remington gets its patents—is primarily in the special polyethylene body. Polyethylene and other plastics had been tried for shell bodies before; but they never held up. Now Remington has developed a way of treating polyethylene so that it is almost impervious to abuse. The shell head, made of steel and plated with copper and brass, is also stronger than any other head yet developed. Together, the plastic body and steel head form a shell case which permits the SP to be stored indefinitely and fired in any weather with no loss of efficiency or safety.

For this kind of premium performance Remington is asking a premium price—about \$60 a box more than ordinary shells. Eventually, Remington plans to turn out SPs in all gauges and all loads, but this year's production will be strictly for field shooters: 12 gauge, numbers 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7½. An adequate spread of shot sizes for any duck or goose.

END



NEW SHELL has (1) translucent linear polyethylene body, (2) waterproof shot chamber, (3) one-piece molded felt top wall, (4) polyethylene plastic ill-wad over powder, (5) cardboard base flange, (6) steel head, coated with outer layers of (7) copper and (8) brass.

BERMUDA RACE

continued from page 17

the shortest course in the wind of the moment, disregarding weather forecasts, in this case southwesterlies, which could favor vessels keeping to the west. Having received an estimated set of 33 miles to the south and 28 east from the Gulf Stream, *Finistère* was still some 20 miles west of the rhumb line. We then started back, laying a course to intersect the line 100 miles from Bermuda.

The wind worked on around, shifting back and forth across the rhumb line, and with each shift we went to the tack favored by five degrees or more. During the afternoon of Wednesday, *Finistère* crossed the rhumb line some 150 miles from Kitchen Shoals Buoy, hard on the wind and not able to lay a straight course for the mark. Instead we were forced unwillingly to the east of the line—but we clung to the favored tack.

It was about 9 Wednesday night when the really drastic change in weather broke around *Finistère*. Forecasts shortly before had promised winds southwesterly at 10 knots. Neither sky nor barometer indicated anything more, although it was known a frontal system was moving across the course of the fleet and squalls could be expected. So when the wind began to increase, we clung to our largest genoa, easing the main in the harder puffs. Soon overpowered, we came down to the No. 2 genoa and reefed the main by rolling in a few turns. The wind freshened and rain jetted like water from a fire hose. Still the wind increased and the No. 3 genoa was broken out. More turns were taken on the roller reefing gear, further reducing the mainsail. *Finistère* was carrying the minimum sail of her racing career. Yet it was too much. The harder squalls tore spindrift off the rapidly mounting wave crests, which blended with the rain to form stinging, blinding sheets driving horizontally across the deck. Blobs of phosphorescence glowed high on the mainsail. The lee deck was a cascade of rushing water, for *Finistère* never ceased driving ahead.

Finally, we burrowed into the forepeak to drag out the No. 2 jib—small, high cut and very strongly made, brought along for such an emergency. Running off before the wind, it was set and more turns were

taken in the main. Now the reef was buried only by the very hardest gusts, savage blasts which may have exceeded 50 knots. Every sail change was made as smoothly as during the calm. At such times seamanship is a primary factor in a boat's performance, and as skipper I would like to pay the highest tribute to the crew. They, in turn, have complete confidence in the boat and her gear. There is even a peculiar psychology aboard which welcomes such conditions: "Finistère weather," it is happily called.

Dawn was awesome. Great gray

a forestay sail under the No. 2 jib. Later we went to the heavy-weather reacher, a balloonier high cut to ride above the bow wave yet strong enough to stand in heavy winds—a special sail we had developed for the St. Petersburg-Havana race. Now it was ideal, giving *Finistère* drive in the dying wind.

With dusk, the lights of Bermuda were in sight. Chick Larkin had brought us to a fine landfall. Other sails were converging on Northeast Buoy. We could recognize no one and had no way of knowing how the rest



DISASTROUS DOORCHERRY—Carrying 10-masted vessel with 100,000 lbs. of gear, lost her main during a violent squall. In all, half dozen races were badly crippled by storms.

of the fleet had fared. For the final few miles all hands were on deck, working as hard to save seconds as during an afternoon race around the buoys.

Passing Kitchen Shoals Buoy we hardened up for the finish, plainly in sight. Carrying the heavy genoa in the lee of the islands, *Finistère* was moving her best but seemed to crawl. Then we tacked and tacked again. Bobby Symonette on the stern struck off a white flare, the committee boat put a brilliant searchlight on our sail number, photographers' flashbulbs popped and we were across. I sagged against the wheel, utterly exhausted, still wondering how well we had done. A motor launch came alongside and a voice hailed in the broad Bermudian accent: "Congratulations, *Finistère*. You've done it again!"

END

FOR PLACING AN ORDER FOR TOWNSEND IN BERMUDA RACE, SEE PAGE 81



MASTER OF THE JOYFUL ILLUSION

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

As owner of the Chicago White Sox, Bill Veeck believes he owes baseball fans pleasures and delights—as well as victories.

Hated by some, loved by others, here he is at first hand

IN THE secret reaches of his private universe, there is little that the dreamer in Bill Veeck says can't be done. His success, his failures, his joys, his sorrows have created an extravagant legend that even for him tends to obscure reality. To the public, Bill Veeck, president of the Chicago White Sox baseball club, is a brazenly clamorous individual who has fashioned a brilliant career out of defying the customs, conventions and crustaceans of baseball. It is an authentic yet one-dimensional view. For Veeck is also an intelligent, impetuous, whimsical, stubborn, tough-fibered, tireless individual with a vast capacity for living and a deep appreciation for humanity. He is full of the humor that springs from the unrepressed human being. To Veeck, baseball is not an ultra-constitutional mission, a crusade, a holy jousting for men's minds, souls and pocket-books, but simply an exhilarating way to make a living. His approach to the game is seasoned with an almost visceral irreverence, a wit that is sometimes droll, sometimes raffish, sometimes wry or macabre, and sometimes abusive. A few months after emerging from the hospital where his right leg had been amputated, he threw a "coming-out" party. The high point of the party was achieved when Veeck ripped off his artificial

leg and flourished it before the startled eyes of his guests. "It itches," he said.

He has the wit and the grace to make fun of what Veeck hath wrought. When he took over the St. Louis Browns in 1961, he warned the fans to "stay away unless you have a strong stomach." Naturally, many fans rushed out to the ball park to see what he was talking about. "They came out to see if the ball club was as bad as I said," he says, "and it was." Later on, while making a public appearance in New York, he apologized for his nervousness. "As operator of the St. Louis Browns," he explained, "I am not used to people." He outlined his strategy for making the Browns a pennant contender. "We've sold half of our ballplayers and hope to sell the rest," he said. "Our secret weapon is to get a couple of Browns on every other team and loose up the league."

Behind this façade is a man with a highly perceptive vision of baseball's appeal. "This is an illusory business," Veeck said not long ago. "The fan comes away from the ball park with nothing more to show for it than what's in his mind, an ephemeral feeling of having been entertained. You've got to heighten and preserve that illusion. You have to give him more vivid pictures to carry

away in his head." The most exalted illusion of all is satisfaction about the game ("The only guarantee of prosperity in baseball is a winner"), but that illusion, says Veeck, must be augmented by a feeling that it was fun to be at the ball game. In support of this conviction, Veeck has given fans live lobsters, sway-back horses, 38,000 orchids, a pair of uncrated pigeons, and 290 pounds of ice. He has staged circuses and brought in tightrope walkers and flagpole sitters and jugglers and the Harlem Globetrotters to perform between games of a double-header. He has shot off several kilotons of fireworks (see cover) after night games ("If you win, it's a bonus for the fans on top of the flush of victory; if you lose, they go away talking about the fireworks, not the lousy ball game").

Some of his stunts have been aimed directly at getting customers into his ball parks. In Milwaukee during World War II he introduced "breakfast baseball" for night workers in war plants and had ushers in night-shirts serve coffee and rolls. In Cleveland he spent \$23,000 building the Kiddie Koop—for small children whose mothers wanted to come to the ball park. At St. Louis he held a Grandstand Managers day in which the fans indicated their choice of strategy through boo or cheer when placards were held up that said "Infield back!" or "Bunt!" or "Pinch hitter!" The Browns won the game 5-3, and Veeck promptly dissolved the Grandstand Managers club. "Quit while you're ahead," he advised.

Continued

Photograph by Frances Miller/LIFE

"You've got a perfect record now."

At the age of 46, Veck retains many of the effie enthusiasms of his youth, though the years have thinned his once-bushy, pinkish-blond hair to a pair of tracks and a tuft of straw and his face has assumed the ratted dignity of a mask done in clay by a slightly arthritic sculptor. But there has been a quickening of the currents and contradictions that make up the man. He is an omnivorous reader who likes to talk out his thoughts. He is a gregarious companion with an introspective streak. He is an undisciplined spirit of spontaneous inspiration, yet he is hard-working—he rises at 4 or 5 o'clock virtually every morning and works 16 to 20 hours a day. He is intensely competitive. Even though he has only one leg, he continues to play tennis and paddle ball. "Does a man stop smiling because he wears false teeth?" he asks. He is painstakingly unpretentious. He works in a onetime reception room in Cokesby Park, answers all his mail himself (writing in longhand on the margins of the letters) and takes phone calls at all hours of the day and night.

Unlike most larger-than-life personalities, Veck exhibits in public a self-deprecatory air and in private a remarkable sense of charity of heart and purse.

At times he is as insistent and impetuous in his charities as in his business dealings. When one friend refused to allow Veck to buy him a much-needed automobile, Veck phoned a children's home in which the friend was interested and announced he would buy anything it needed. "Take a little time to think it over," he said. "Take six hours."

Frequently his greatest labor is preparing a gag to be pulled on a friend. Once Veck took the trouble to learn a Slovakian dialect so that he could deliver U.S. Senator Frank Lausche's "ethnic group" speech—the one where Lausche spills emotionally and apparently spontaneously into the mother tongue—to a foreign-born audience that Lausche was about to address. Lausche, of course, had to forego his own performance. "He was so mad," says Veck with toxic glee, "that he wouldn't drive me home."

Veck has studied—studied, not browsed in—accounting, architecture



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MILESTONES IN BILL VECK'S CAREER ARE MANY AND MEANINGFUL IN HISTORY

and "at law." (He discovered a few years ago that some states still offer admission to the bar to persons who study, as Abraham Lincoln did, under a lawyer's guidance and tutoring.) He reads four books a week, has written a novel ("20,000 words and now they want me to put in dialogue!") and played a role in an allegedly professional production of *The Men Who Come to Dinner*. "Putting me on the stage was like putting Sarah Bernhardt on second base," he said at the time. "The theater people would think she was out of place and the baseball people would know it." His conversation ranges restlessly over a seemingly limitless mental horizon, from baseball to philosophy and back again.

It was this restlessness that touched off, some 11 years ago, the intellectual revolution that led to his becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism. "I'd studied everything from Buddhism to Magna Mater," he says. "In fact, I gave quite a bit of thought to Judaism." He approached Catholicism with a healthy skepticism, challenging and even dropping instruction when it did not respond to his intellectual need. "He had the toughest mind I've ever encountered," says the Rev. George Halpin of Chicago,

the priest who ultimately brought Veck into the Church. "He was a great student of comparative religions. He never asked an ordinary question." When Veck voiced doubts about a single footnote in a 600-page volume on Catholicism, Father Halpin spent three days and probed through 12 books with him in an effort to establish its intellectual validity. "It was a most interesting three months," says Father Halpin of the period of Veck's instruction.

UNBREATHED CANDOR

All this mental activity takes place on a sort of subterranean level, the generative but not always visible level of Veck's nature. On the surface, he remains invincibly The Clown and The Irritant. His volcanic relations with the other owners in baseball stem not so much from his picaresque approach to the game as to his un-sheathed candor. His feud with the New York Yankees started years ago as a professional matter and quickly became a personal one. "George Weiss is a sensitive man and I am an outspoken one," he says. "I'm sure that when I say George is a fugitive from the human race he does not think it is funny." Many owners profess to find his Midas touch distasteful. "He



...TAKING OVERNOO, AT RIGHT, DOROTHY AND CHUCK CONESKY



...YES, BUT SOON AFTER HE DIED



...IN THE PACIFIC-COAST BREWERY VICTORY

OF BASEBALL, BUT HIS GREATEST PERSONAL TRIUMPH IS VICTORY OVER ANTI-FETTER

is nothing but a capital-gains gypsy," says one whose own disaffection for money is not pronounced.

That Veeck has a gypsy nature is indisputable. "I've had seven children and no two of them have been born in the same state," he says. That his ball clubs make money is also indisputable. In Cleveland, by Veeck's own testimony, his backers got back \$26 for every \$1 they put into the club. At St. Louis, Veeck bought stock at \$7 a share and sold it 2½ years later for \$12 a share; even when the huge operating losses are included, the transaction netted Veeck and his backers a 38% profit. In Chicago the appraised value of the White Sox rose from \$195 a share to \$450 a share in the first year of Veeck's management. (Veeck paid \$828 a share for the 54% of the stock he controls.) But that he shuffles franchises for profit motive alone is disputable. Veeck sold the Milwaukee Brewers in 1945 because he thought he might resume health to his ailing legs and ailing marriage by dropping out of baseball. He sold the Cleveland Indians in 1949 to raise enough cash to provide trust funds for his three older children and for a final settlement on his divorce. He sold the St. Louis Browns in 1963 at the insistence of an

American League cabal led, he claims, by the Yankees.

None of this negates the alienation of Veeck from the community of owners or the real reasons for that alienation: that Veeck is a person of greater dimensions and grander vision than his contemporaries. All this would be tolerable if Veeck fitted the baseball men's image of such an individual—i.e., a failure. But his success offers a suggestion of their own inadequacy and threatens some of the longtime institutions of baseball, such as the domination of the American League by the Yankees. For if other clubs in the league continue to find Veeck's club a better draw than the Yankees, they may undergo a polar shift from domination by the Yankees—who, through the years, have offered them so much money that they couldn't deny Yankee wishes in league councils—to domination by Veeck.

The hostility of the owners is not shared by their players. Veeck is probably the most popular "players' owner" in history. He speaks the players' language without condescension and tends their needs without personal or financial reserve. Once in Milwaukee, Harry (Peanut) Lowrey, an outfielder demoted to the Brewers by the Chicago Cubs, explained that his poor

performance in Milwaukee was due to the fact that he and his family couldn't find a home there. "Move into my place," said Veeck—and promptly moved his own family out so Lowrey's could move in. At Cleveland in 1947 he promised Ken Keltner a bonus of \$5,000 if Keltner hit more than .285. Keltner had a miserable year; he batted only .257. Veeck gave him the bonus anyway—and the next year Keltner batted .287 and helped spur Cleveland to the world championship. "It was the cheapest \$5,000 I ever spent," says Veeck. Another time, Veeck spent \$10,600 arranging for the birth and adoption of illegitimate children sired by three of his ballplayers—"I'd handled about 15 cases like this before but never three in one season!" he says—and then spent \$100,000 of his own money fighting various legal actions just to keep the players' names secret. "We were trying to keep their families from breaking up," he says, "and we did."

MOST NOTABLE MUTATION

Historically, Veeck is perhaps the most notable mutation in baseball. He developed his bizarre techniques out of a sturdy tradition of conservative training and heritage. The only employer he ever knew was Philip K. Wrigley, the correct, conservative owner of the Chicago Cubs. Of him Veeck says: "A very bright man, more about things than about people, but very bright nevertheless." Veeck's father, for 15 years president of the Cubs, was a dignified person who, says Veeck, "was basically in favor of many of the same things I stand for—a clean ball park, a happy atmosphere. The kidding part I do—well, you must remember we operate in different eras. When my daddy started with the Cubs [as a vice-president in 1913] baseball was just about the only mass sport there was. This meant that your competition was a lot less and of an entirely different nature from today. You didn't have much golfing. You didn't have the huge race tracks and legalized betting of today. You didn't have hunting and fishing in reach of everybody, or sailing and boating. You didn't have radios that you can carry around on a golf course so you can listen to the games but never have to go to one. You didn't have

continued

television. It's true, certain things I do would be completely foreign to my father's nature. But he was indoctrinated in a different era and he reacted to it in a different way."

The elder Veeck was a sportswriter working under the name Bill Bailey on the *Chicago American* when Bill was born on February 9, 1914. Bill had an older brother, Maurice, who was killed in a childhood shooting accident playing cops and robbers. He still has an older sister, Peggy Kretschel, who lives in Downers Grove, a suburb near Chicago. In his sportswriting days, the senior Veeck was a trenchant critic of the Cubs. "My infant son can throw his bottle farther than this team can hit," he said of one Cub team. This needed, the Cubs took Veeck into the organization as a vice-president and, after the 1938 season, raised him to president.

It was in those years that young Bill became attuned to the hidden tempos and secret life that make a ball park pulse with personality. When he was 11, he was helping mail out tickets for ladies' day, a novelty brought to Chicago by his father. In his teens he worked in the stockroom, in the concession stands, in the grandstand hawking popcorn and programs, with the ground crew, any place where his exceptional energies could be harnessed. (In 1939 he lost \$10,000 worth of tickets to the World Series and didn't find them until two months after the season was over.) After hours he went rollicking with many of the players, a raucous, hard-drinking crew. From them he learned all the facts of life and the childlike enthusiasm with which ball-players explore them. "One thing I tell our sons," says Veeck's wife, Mary Frances, "is that there is nothing they need to keep from their father. There isn't any kind of trouble they can get into that he hasn't seen."

His own father did not approve of all this. When Mr. Veeck took his wife and daughter partying, Peggy would have to rush into the speakeasy and flush the teen-age Bill and his friends out the back way before the elder Veeck walked in. "Bill could never understand why, if it was illegal for his father to be there, it was *never* illegal for him to be there," says Peggy.

In September 1933 the elder Veeck

became ill with leukemia and on October 5 he died. Bill dropped out of Kenyon College and went to work as an office boy for the Cubs at \$17 a week. Eight years later, still in his 20s, he was treasurer of the Cubs and earning \$17,000 a year. He was also a husband and father; in 1935 he had married Eleanor Raymond, a childhood friend from Hinsdale whose horsemanship won her a role as a bareback rider in the Ringling Brothers Circus. "I thought when I married Bill I was leaving the circus," she was quoted as saying some years later. She was wrong. Ideas were burgeoning in Veeck's mind, ideas that won no welcome from the Cubs. "It got," Veeck has said, "so that when Mr. Wrigley saw me coming, he automatically said, 'No.'"

\$11 AND A THURSDAY

In 1939, when he was only 25 years old, Veeck had tried unsuccessfully to buy the White Sox. Two years later, on June 21, 1941, with nothing but \$11 and a ticket to Milwaukee in his pocket, Veeck quit the Cubs. In Milwaukee he blew \$10 partying with newspapermen to celebrate his liberation and imminent purchase of the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association. At the time the Brewers were, if possible, in worse financial shape than Veeck. They were close to bankruptcy, the league had taken over the franchise, and the bank was about to foreclose. Veeck hurried to the bank to buy the club and get an extension on the loan. He persuaded the bankers that all he really wanted to borrow was time, and he got it. On the strength of this he talked some more and asked for \$50,000. He got that too.

On the night that Veeck took over the Brewers, they drew a total attendance of 22 fans. "They were all people who liked to attend hangings," says Veeck. Within 24 hours he had brought in Charlie Grimm as manager and started building the Legend of Bill Veeck. He shuffled players in and out on almost daily schedules. He cleaned up the ball park. He rocked staid Milwaukee with his racy stunts. He began throwing money around as if he were the last of the great spenders. "Fortunately, in Milwaukee it didn't take an awful lot of money," he says. The ball club remained an indomitable last in 1941, but the next year it shot to within a



WARM VEECK FAMILY CIRCLE INVOLVED

game of first place. Veeck wiped out all but \$17 of the club's \$135,000 debt, then started earning large profits as the Brewers won three straight American Association pennants and began setting minor-league attendance records. In October 1945, after spending 22 months in the Marines ("I was a four-time back private"), Veeck sold the Brewers at a personal profit of \$275,000. With this, he temporarily retired from baseball. He bought a ranch in southern Arizona and moved there with Eleanor and their three children.

While Veeck had been fighting with the Marines on Bougainville during World War II, both his legs were attacked by a jungle rat that threatened to dissolve the bones. In addition, his right leg was injured in the recoil of an antiaircraft gun. Veeck underwent 10 operations, had bone grafts taken for both legs ("I now have very little bone in my right hip"), and suffered as many as 24 penicillin shots a day for five months while lying in traction. Ultimately his left leg was saved but his right leg was amputated about six inches below the knee in November 1946. Since then, Veeck has had seven more operations to pare off more and more of the bone—the last only a week ago. This time the knee itself was sacrificed, and Veeck may virtually have to learn to walk again.

If Arizona partially saved his legs,



VEECK LIFTEP, HIS WIFE, MARY FRANCES, MICHAEL, LILA, GLORIA ON FATHER'S ARMS

It could not save his marriage. Eleanor was an intelligent young woman who, as it developed, was considerably more introverted than her husband. "Eleanor just didn't understand Bill's mood," says one of Veeck's close friends. After a period of separation, the couple was divorced in 1949. At about that time Bill met Mary Frances Ackerman, a costume drama student who was a press agent for the Ice Capades. They dated almost daily for two weeks, then Bill asked her to marry him. The proposal was enormously complicated by the fact that Mary Frances was a Catholic and Bill a divorced man. Ultimately, the Church made a thorough investigation of Veeck's first marriage and found that a civil but not a sacramental union had taken place; neither Bill nor his first wife had been baptized nor had they been married in a church, so he was granted the Pauline Privilege to wed. In the meantime, as a test of his faith and his love, Veeck refrained from seeing Mary Frances for six months. They finally were married by Father Halpin in the Cathedral at Albuquerque in the spring of 1953.

THE INDIANS AND THE BROWNS

Long before that he had returned to baseball. In June 1946, less than a year after selling the Browns, he acquired the Cleveland Indians for \$1,750,000. "The team looked hope-

less," he says, "so I thought it." Within 2½ years the Indians had won their first pennant in 28 years, won the World Series and set an all-time attendance record of 2,820,827. Because of his need for cash, Veeck sold the Indians for \$2.2 million in 1949 and then, almost as if he had a drive for self-immolation, bought the cellar-bound St. Louis Browns for \$1.5 million in mid-1951. "They were the worst-looking collection of ballplayers I've ever seen," he said. "It hurt to look at them." Very few people did.

By the end of 1952, however, attendance was up 48%, and the Browns were outdrawing the Detroit Tigers, Chicago White Sox and Philadelphia Athletics on the road. Veeck, meanwhile, was learning some harsh facts of economic life. He was, in fact, engaged in a fight for survival. In February 1953, Fred Saigh, who was about to go to prison on an income tax evasion charge, sold his St. Louis Cardinals to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery. That altered the balance of power in St. Louis. Veeck felt he could compete against the limited resources of Saigh, but he knew that he could not compete against the virtually unlimited resources of the brewery. His only alternative was to move the Browns out of town. In March 1953 he asked permission of the American League to move to Baltimore and saw a unanimous agree-

ment turned into a 5-3 vote against him. He traced the switch to the Yankees. "Let's put it nicely," he has said. "They figured they could beat my brains out—and they did."

The technique was simple by forcing Veeck to remain in St. Louis, where he was now unpopular because of his plans to move, they could force him to near bankruptcy. They were right. Within a few weeks Veeck found he was getting three cancellations for season tickets for every new one he sold. He had to sell some of his players, then he had to sell his ball park to the St. Louis Cardinals for \$800,000 and rent it back for \$175,000 a year. He sold his stocks and bonds, his ranch in Arizona, his annuities and much of his personal property. Rudie Schaffer, long his closest aide, mortgaged his own home to help meet payrolls. Unable to raise more than 10% of the \$30,000 asking price for a likely-looking shortstop in the Negro league, Veeck told the Cubs about Ernie Banks "to keep him out of the American League." By June, attendance had dropped 37%. Veeck had lost \$400,000 of his own money in the club and he was being hanged in effigy regularly at the Browns' ball games. "It was the most difficult year of my life," he says.

At length, their sense of duty only half-fulfilled, the Yankees relented. They allowed the American League to allow the Browns to move to Baltimore if Veeck did not move with them. He and his backers agreed to sell out for \$2.5 million.

It was a rankorous personal defeat for Veeck, but within two weeks he was back in baseball as a \$1,860-a-month special assistant to Phil Whitley, seeking ways of getting major-league baseball to the West Coast. Veeck spent 14 months and \$75,000 of his own money on the project. At one point, in the hope that American League owners loved money more than they hated him, Veeck teamed up with Hotelman Conrad Hilton and Construction Man Henry Crown to try to buy the floundering Philadelphia Athletics and move them to Los Angeles. But the league blocked him and arranged for the club to be sold instead to the late Yankee landlord, Arnold Johnson, who moved the Athletics to Kansas City.

Subsequently Veeck failed in a bid to buy the Cleveland Indians again

continued

("We were really setting a price so that Hank Greenberg could sell his stock"), saw his high bid for the Detroit Tigers (\$5.5 million cash or \$6 million "on time") turned down for a lower bid ("Sometimes you run into riverboat gamblers," he said bitterly) and failed to buy the Ringling Brothers Circus for \$21.1 million.

A SWIFT MOVE

Not until Dorothy Comiskey Rigney tired of her bitter legal battle with her brother Charles over control of the White Sox did Veck get his chance to acquire a club again. In the winter of 1958-59 he moved in swiftly and with half a dozen backers bought the 54% of the club controlled by Dorothy for \$2.7 million.

The fiery illusions of fun he built around the game in Chicago—namely the exploding scoreboard, which fires off 360 worth of skyrockets and aerial bombs every time a White Sox player hits a home run—are now part of the durable Veck legend. But some others of Veck's changes were quite subtle. "Anything that happens in a ball park, from the moment a fan arrives to the moment he leaves, can ruin the impression of fun that you're trying to build," he says. "This requires an attention to detail." He offers, as an example, the metamorphosis of the dan-colored roach pit that was Comiskey Park. "If you remember, it was dark and dank when you came in; it was like going into a dungeon," he said. "So we painted everything under the grandstand white, tore down a few useless pillars and ripped out everything that hung overhead, that loomed over you. We wanted to get away from that dumpconlike atmosphere to one of cleanliness and airiness." This year, to promote the airy feeling, he painted the entire park white, inside and out, and he has promised to "turn night into day around here." Other details he la-beeeced over ranged from putting cloth towels in the washrooms instead of paper towels (cost: \$500 a month just "to get a little extra class") to killing the smell of rancid butter around popcorn stands ("We tried 15 chemical sprays before we found one that worked") and establishing contact with the radar screen around Chicago in order to get early warning

of approaching rainstorms so ushers could hand out plastic rain capes to fans in rain-exposed areas. "The important thing is to give them the capes before it starts raining, not after they've got wet," he says. "The intrinsic value of the capes [they cost 41¢ apiece] is nothing. But the fact that you went out of your way to protect people, even that you're breeding some black art to know when it's going to rain, is important to the fans."

The impact of his methods was demonstrated in an important area: banishing the historic dislike women had for Comiskey Park. To overcome this attitude, Veck worked on a variety of details. He stationed ushers



"GO-GO-GO!" ROSS BROWNS IN A NERDIE GAME

just inside the gates to look for women who appeared confused and to escort them personally to their seats. He cleaned up and redecorated the onco-nameting powder rooms. He installed lighting in them that was subtly flattering ("A woman likes to think she's looking her best when she goes back into the world") full-length mirrors ("so she can check her seams"), and different levels of vanity tables. He gave away corks and roses, let mothers in free on Mother's Day, gave away green stamps (instead of cigars or beer) on certain Sundays. The result was that the number of women attending games at Comiskey Park tripled (to about 420,000) and the proportionate number went up from less than 20% to more than 30%.

By far the most vivid part of the illusion which Veck built up, however, was the beavers defiance of destiny by the 1959 White Sox. Employing an anachronistic philosophy of speed, pitching and defense, the White Sox won their first pennant in 40 years and drew 1,423,144 fans to Comiskey Park, double the attendance of 1958. The gross income at the gate alone—excluding the radio-TV rights and concession sales—soared to \$3,587,499, an increase of 147% over the previous year. At the same time the Cub ticket sale decreased less than 7% (to a total of \$1,367,940) in 1959. Thus Veck's techniques, combined with the success of the White Sox, produced \$2,000,800 worth of new business for baseball in Chicago.

Ever since moving to Chicago in March 1953, the Vecks have lived in a three-bedroom apartment on the ninth floor of a lake-front hotel on Chicago's South Side. They have four children, ranging from 21 months to 9 years old. At home, as in baseball, the impact of Veck's personality is electric. "All of our children learned to say 'Daddy' first," says Mary Frances; but, in her own way, Mary Frances exercises the tyranny of the weak over the strong with great subtlety. She does all the personal buying for her husband, from toothbrushes to the 50 white sport shirts and the half dozen identical blue sports coats and slacks that Bill needs every year ("I haven't bought anything in 10 years," says Bill. "Not even a razor blade"). But she has never insisted that Bill wear a tie, not even at their nuptial Mass. She has achieved only one change: she succeeded in switching Bill from tan sports clothes to navy blue "because navy blue was simply more practical for handling by the wife in this family."

The only routine that Veck follows is early in the morning. Usually he spends 60 to 90 minutes bathing the shrunken stump of his right leg. This is the time when he gets a chance to read and reflect, when the reality of Bill Veck—the substance behind and beyond the legend—becomes apparent and the far reaches of his private universe are explored. "I'm for the dreamer," he said not long ago. "The only really important things in history have been started by the dreamers. They never know what can't be done."

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Entrapped at being back in first place, the **New York Yankees** (see page 44) won two out of three in Detroit and two out of four in Cleveland. With Milt Pappas settling down and the relief pitching improving, the **Baltimore Orioles** stayed right with the Yankees. Old Hoyt Wilhelm, who knows the bullpen art well, and young Chuck Estrada, learning it rapidly, picked up wins in relief. That famous ominous catcher's mixt (31, June 18) has been a real help to Wilhelm—only one passed ball of Gordy's erratic deliveries in 53 innings. Joe Gordon, survived his **Cleveland Indians**, found them "tensed up and groaning," ordered them to relax. They enjoyed themselves immensely by winning three straight against Washington (especially defeating hitting champ Harvey Kuenn, who went eight for 10), then stayed loose enough to take a couple from the Yanks. The **Chicago White Sox** were perked up by Joe Landis—only long-range hitting (three homers—be hit five all last season) and by snappy wins from Bob Shaw and Early Wynn. Aiming daggers at his critics for all those "washed up" stories, Early retorted: "I don't have to be washed I'm 40." The **Detroit Tigers**' flimsy hitting outfield of Rocky Colaninno, Al Kaline and Charley Maxwell socked four homers but otherwise carried paper bats. Outfield batting average: .227. Three one-run losses punctured the upward drive of the **Washington Senators**. Manager Lavagetto put very-shouldered Harmon Killebrew on first base in place of no-hitting Julio Becerra (see p. 16), but Killebrew couldn't improve things. "I guess I can't expect to have the same

sort of season I had last year," Harmon moaned. The **Kansas City Athletics** showed power (eight home runs), but the pitching drooped and so did the attendance. Bud Daley, halfway to the 20-win mark, was elbowed by the Orioles. Season attendance for 1960 seemed certain to be well under previous low mark, sparked runners the club would move to Dallas. The **Seattle Red Sox** slugged along in the darkness of the basement, but Ted Williams hit two more home runs, upped his lifetime total to 549. Spirited play by Pumpsie Green (good field, four hits) and Gary Geiger (.489 road batting average) gave the Sox some hope.

(Standing: Red 41-21, SF 31-21, Grey 26-27, Chi. 26-26, Sea 24-21, Wash 19-24, KC 15-26, Det 12-42)

BUNS PRODUCED

	Bats Scored	Team Runs Scored for*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York Yankees	40	31	71
Seattle, WA (27)	40	26	66
Seattle, WA (27)	36	19	55
Wash. Wash (23)	41	28	69
Kansas City Athletics	30	31	61
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
San Francisco Giants	39	37	76
Cincinnati Reds	41	43	84
Boston Red Sox	40	40	80
St. Louis Cardinals	47	32	79
Brooklyn Dodgers	52	28	80

*Determined by subtracting N.Y. from S.F.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Pittsburgh Pirates**, hanging tough for 10 weeks with a two-man pitching staff of Vern Law and Bob Friend (abetted by the relief genius of Elroy Face and lots of hitting), finally came up with a four-man rotation. Harvey Haddix pitched well, lost on two unearned runs. The bright home runs when Wilmer Mizell fished what he started for the first time in 14 tries. The **Milwaukee Braves**' streak stopped at six but not before the Braves served notice they were steady again. Harvey Aaron hit four home runs, and Manager Drennon, girding for the long hot summer, got wins from six different pitchers (Wiley, Jay, Brandt, Ruhl, Barthelette, Spahn). Injuries. Manager Tom (Supercout) Sheehan was hung in effigy as the **San Francisco Giants** flew five in a row. But Tom took heart from two wins against Cincinnati and the wonderful play of Willie Mays (two home runs in one game, plus 10 putouts and a steal of home). Said Sheehan, unswayed by the club's poor performance, "We damn near lost the Battle of the Bulge,



SPRAY-NETTING Norm Larker (.345), Pete Harness (.342) held league bat leads. Larker had 50 hits, Harness coasted 43.

but we didn't." The **St. Louis Cardinals**, clinging to the first division, were clipped by the Pirates and the hot Phils. Crisp center fielding by Curt Flood let Bill White stay on first base, and smash hitting by White (.328 batting average) obliged the Cards to play Stan Musial in the outfield for the first time in two years. Wally Pate hit three homers and Gus Bell won 12 for 21, but the **Cleveland Reds** couldn't find pitching to go with them. Manager Hutchins was angry about the National League practice of starting the second base umpire between the mound and second base; Shortstop Roy McMillan, trying to stop a Giant double steal, cut off a throw from the catcher but collided with Cyprien Ed Vargo as he tried to fire the ball back to the plate. "Silly rule," fumed Hurst. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** got good pitching from Stan Williams and Ed Roebuck, heard General Manager Bavalier threaten to trade them even-up for the Dodgers' Spokane farm team, repaided with three wins. The **Philadelphia Phillies** won six straight (best streak in three seasons) and moved past the Cubs into seventh place. Rookies Frank Herrera and Ken Walters hit hard, and Reliever Dick Farrell showed up the pitching. The **Chicago Cubs** were swept by the Phils, lost nine straight in all. From the cellar came the voice of spunky Don Zimmer: "It's a stinking disgrace to lose four to those Phils."

(Standing: San 40, Sea 34, St. 31, SF 26, St. 26, KC 26, Chi 21, LA 20, Phil 17, Cle 12-31)

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE				
RF	Mary	.329	Clayton	.361
1B	Landis	.328	Kuenn	.277
CF	Green	.307	Perot	.296
2B	Wynn	.305	Smith	.287
3B	Fennerty	.302	Cady	.281
SS	Mason	.296	Casper	.280
LF	Shaw	.288	Schorn	.279
OF	Barnes	.282	Palmer	.275
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
RF	Geet	.340	Clement	.335
1B	Carroll	.315	Arank	.309
2B	Walt	.307	Kirkland	.315
3B	Alfonso	.302	Arank	.292
SS	Ruhl	.299	Perot	.292
LF	Larker	.288	Mays	.285
CF	Walters	.283	Cady	.278
OF	Herrera	.282	Smith	.274

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE				
RF	Larker	2.01	Deane	2.10
1B	Green	2.07	Wynn	2.10
2B	Shaw	2.11	Wynn	2.15
3B	Daley	2.16	Kuenn	2.17
SS	Barnes	2.17	Larker	2.18
LF	Shaw	2.21	Palmer	2.40
CF	Walt	2.43	Daley	2.43
OF	Herrera	2.45	Wynn	2.45
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
RF	Geet	2.15	Law	2.54
1B	Walt	2.62	Arank	2.62
2B	Walters	2.63	Walt	2.63
3B	Walters	2.63	Walters	2.63
SS	Walters	2.63	Walters	2.63
LF	Walters	2.63	Walters	2.63
CF	Walters	2.63	Walters	2.63
OF	Walters	2.63	Walters	2.63

Based on statistics through Saturday, June 25

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JOHANSSON VS. PATTERSON VS. KANE SIR:

I NOMINATE MARTIN KANE AS THE GREATEST BOXING PROPRIETOR OF ALL TIMES (1974 *Edge* Will Do It Again, June 29). HIS PRODUCTIONS ARE POSITIVELY UNDESIRABLE.

JOE WILLIAMS

Albuquerque

SIR:

In a way, I'm glad you made an extremely human mistake.

JOHN ROMAN

Philadelphia

SIR:

Your boxing writer, like Deansway, Tansey and other self-styled prognosticators, will need a prescription before partaking of smorgasbord again.

JAMES E. HERRING

Baltimore

SIR:

My curiosity is aroused over what kind of award you will give Sportsman-of-Late-Year Johansson this year. Maybe a plaque outside the Polo Grounds inscribed "Johansson slept here"?

CAPTAIN W. E. BRANCE

Fort Gordon, Ga.

SIR:

YOU OWE US PATTERSON FANS THREE COVERS, THE BACK PAGE AND THE CENTER SPREAD. IT'S A MATTER OF FAIR.

J. P. TORRENTS

Dayton, Ohio

Reader Tibbets should recall at least three covers (July 29, 1957, Sept. 1, 1958, July 6, 1959) and innumerable articles in the past; and he may anticipate many pro-Patterson words to come—there are a few on pages 8, 42, 43, 44 of this issue.—ED.

THE ARTIST'S FIGHTER

SIR:

Many of us who earn our living in the arts felt sad and defeated last year when Patterson lost the title to Johansson. It was incredible, and it was wrong. It was as though John Philip Sousa had beat up Johann Sebastian Bach. It is a measure of our culture that boxing is still one of our sports, but in a spectator sport that is basically unwholesome, let us at least be grateful for artistry when we find it.

Still it rare is a generation of painters who cannot draw, of scarcely literate writers, and composers who score for cable radios and hot-water bottles. Still is moral, and order is the basis of whatever we

have of beauty and goodness on a rather dirty little planet.

Floyd Patterson has always been an artist's fighter. Many were happy to see him lose his title to a businessman from Gateborg with a strong right hand. Now he has won the title back, and won it by fighting a fight as correct and polished as a Bach fugue. Order is on its way back to the arts, and Patterson is its great-germ.

RUSSELL HOBAN

New York City

For a sample of Painter Hoban's own pugilistic artistry from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (March 18, 1957), see below.—ED.



HOBAN'S NEW CHAMPION AND OLD FRIEND

WANTED: MORE EMOTION

SIR:

Frankly, I think it's a good thing to see a player show some animation and spirit for a change. How can anyone complain about Jimmy Piersall's "act" (A Hero of Many Names, June 26, after seeing the way some of these players hit a home run and don't even smile about it, or steal a base and just casually go up and dust themselves off? I like watching baseball but I also like to feel that the players are enjoying themselves, too, instead of just earning their money and looking bored with the whole thing.

MRS. C. R. NEVILLE

Wilmington, Del.

SIR:

Thank you for your EDITORIAL (June 23) supporting my stand on crowd emotions at tennis matches. However, I never advocated yelling like the fans do at baseball, football, hockey and basketball

games. On the contrary, I distinctly said that I thought the "kill the umpire" attitude was wrong.

It is simply my contention that people can go to a tennis match and express their emotions in a way that tennis will be the better for it.

DAVID L. FREED

Captain,

U.S. Davis Cup Team

New York City

UNCIVILIZED AMIABILITY

SIR:

Congratulations for John O'Reilly's excellent article *The Amiable Gorilla* (June 26). The facts unearthed by George Schaller and his wife must give some of our heroic big-game hunters pause when they learn how "vicious" some wild animals are in their natural habitat.

J. D. DUFORT

Assistant Professor of Economics

Denison University

Granville, Ohio

ACADEMIC DEGREE

SIR:

I do not think that Dave Davis of San Fernando State College deserves the satirical ridicule that you have heaped upon him (The Sheep's Exploiter, April 25, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, June 24). An Olympic caliber shotputter does not have to defend his academic curriculum before a kangaroo court of ill-bred sportswriters.

JOHN LANTOS

Pittsburgh

SIR:

I have completed courses similar to those Dave Davis is taking. I, too, have maintained a B average and I can assure you that the courses in physical education are not as easy as your article would make them appear.

I might also add that my studies in physical education closely resemble those of a premedical student.

OTTO A. SCHWARTZ

Department of Physical Education

Ohio State University

Columbus, Ohio

MISPLACED POWER

SIR:

Your "frisky polliwogs" must have been swimming faster than your covers less could swim (*Power on the River*, June 23). The looming powerhouse in the background is actually part of the Detroit plant of U.S. Rubber Co., which is about two miles downstream from the Detroit Edison (not Con Edison).

CHARLES S. TANNER

U.S. Rubber Co.

Detroit



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Pat on the Back



ROBERT ALLEN

Keep 'em flying

When the proposal was advanced to round up the two or three dozen wild whooping cranes that remain in existence and seclude them in zoos to safeguard them, Robert Allen, research director of the National Audubon Society, balked. "What use," he asked, "is a symbol of America's open spaces behind bars?" The cranes were left to their wild ways.

Allen, an energetic, cigar-smoking ornithologist, has devoted most of his adult life to the cause of saving America's threatened bird species. His field research has taken him from Alaska to Yucatan. His monographs on the

roseate spoonbill, the flamingo and the whooping crane stand as major studies of creatures in the wild.

In the course of his work Allen has made almost as many friends for himself as for his birds. He even got an oil company to spend extra money on a longer access road as his whooping cranes, wintering near Corpus Christi, Texas, would not be disturbed. Last week, after 30 years as Audubon research chief, Allen retired. He will be fighting for his birds—as a private citizen—as hard as ever, but he also plans to take up fishing; he never had time before.

A Nightmare for Joe

It started when a 15-year-old youth was summoned from the Cincinnati bullpen to pitch against the power-packed St. Louis Cardinals, who were headed for the 1944 pennant

by **ROGER WILLIAMS**

IT was a pleasant June afternoon in 1944, but Cincinnati was having a distinctly unpleasant time. The Reds, only 4½ games out of first place, were being trampled by the St. Louis Cardinals. At the end of eight innings, the Reds had no runs, while the Cards had scored 13. In from the bullpen, to open the ninth inning, came Cincinnati's fourth pitcher of the day—tall, strapping Joseph Henry Nuxhall.

While the fans searched their scorecards, Joe Nuxhall went to work—in a manner of speaking. Before the inning ended, St. Louis had scored five more runs on two hits, five walks and a wild pitch. Another pitcher was summoned, and Joe Nuxhall, aged 15, a farm boy who had just completed the ninth grade, stumbled back to the dugout.

By the book, it was hardly an impressive debut: two-thirds of an inning, five runs, earned run average 45.00. But Joe Nuxhall—walks, wild pitch and all—had entered baseball's hallowed records: he had become the youngest pitcher ever to appear in a major league game.

"If I'd got my third out," says Nuxhall, "I might be a 15-year man now." As it was, he was sent down to Birmingham where he surpassed his Cincinnati performance by yielding five walks and six runs in one inning. He topped it off by flinging his glove into the stands.

Now an eight-year major leaguer and twice an All-Star selection, Joe Nuxhall recalls that June day in Cincinnati with amusement and disbelief. It was wartime, and ball clubs were hard pressed to find young talent. In the summer of 1943, the Reds held a tryout for local boys at Crosky

Field. Several youngsters from Joe's sandlot team, all 16 or 17, went to the tryout and he tagged along. Nuxhall caught everyone's eye. "I had terrific control that day," he says. "The catcher just stuck up his glove and I hit it. Nobody could have been more surprised than I was."

The Reds wanted him to sign right away. But young Joe Nuxhall wanted to pitch for his high school team the following season. The club, however, did take him on a road trip to St. Louis that summer and gave him \$5 pocket money. "And what'd I do with it?" Joe recalls. "I went to a penny arcade and spent the whole five bucks swinging at pitches from Iron Mike."



BABY-FACED Joe Nuxhall warms up in high school uniform before joining Reds.

When the 1944 Hamilton high school baseball season ended, Joseph Henry Nuxhall was ready to sign. "They gave me a \$500 bonus and a major league contract and, by golly, I was a big league ballplayer."

Joe began working out with the Reds when they were playing at home. "I'd go to the field on Saturday and pitch a little batting practice. My control was terrible and sometimes I'd be lucky to get one out of 10 over the plate. After batting practice, I'd sit on the bench and watch the game. I must have been a sight, too. I had dug up an old pair of baseball shoes that turned up so much at the toe that the front spike never touched the ground. And I used a beat-up Johnny Vander Meer glove. I had to take it off real gently or all the stuffing would come out."

On the day of his unexpected debut—Saturday, June 10, 1944—Joe sat in the dugout, stunned silent by the beating being administered to his heroes by the pennant-bound Cardinals. "This was the fifth or sixth big league game I'd ever seen, and I was just sitting there like a spectator. All of a sudden Mr. McKechnie [Bill McKechnie, the Reds' manager] said, 'Joe, warm up.' I started out of the dugout—and tripped on the top step. I fell flat on my face. Everybody roared, I guess. I didn't hear a thing."

"Al Lakeman warmed me up in the bullpen and I sent him up the terrace three or four times chasing my wild pitches. I was shaking like an airplane engine on a palm tree."

"We went down without scoring in the eighth and I walked out to pitch the last inning. I don't remember about the warmup pitches—I must have been floating on a cloud. Joe Just, the catcher, didn't use any signs, because all I could throw was a fast ball."

"Somehow I got the first guy out, and I got the third man too. I don't recall who they were, but somebody

continued

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NIGHTMARE FOR JOE continued

grounded to Eddie Miller and somebody else popped one up." The somebodies were Second Baseman George Falco, who grounded to Shortstop Miller, and Center Fielder Asgie Bergamo, who popped out. Between the outs, Nushall walked. Pitcher Mort Cooper and sent him lumbering to second when he threw a wild pitch to Bergamo. Then he walked Delo Garra, the third baseman.

"Just about then," he now remembers, "I started to realize where I was. I came down off that cloud fast and started shaking all over again. Golly, a couple of days before I'd been pitching to 13-year-olds!"

The next Cardinal batter was not a 13-year-old. He was Stan Musial and he had won the batting championship the year before. "I doubt if Musial remembers it," says Nushall, "but I can just imagine that he was thinking: 'O.K., get that damned thing over the plate so I can get outta here.' He must have been real anxious to go, the way he hit me. I can still see that ball zooming by."

High-flying fast balls

With two men on base and Cooper home with the 14th Cardinal run, Nushall blew sky high. "My pitches started going all over the place. They knew I was throwing nothing but fast balls, but nobody was ready to stand in there. They didn't know where the ball was going and neither did I."

Nushall walked First Baseman Ray Sanders, filling the bases. Joe Just trotted out to the mound to settle down his pitcher. "Boy, that was as useless as anything. I didn't even hear what he was saying." Nushall walked Walker Cooper, the catcher, forcing in Garra. He walked Left Fielder Danny Litwiler, forcing in Musial. The score was now 16-6. Pitch Hitter Emil Verban singled to left field. Two runs scored and Nushall came out.

"I was really shell shocked," he recalls. "Mr. McKechnie came over to me and said 'Nice going, son'. After the game I was called up to see Mr. Giles (Warren Giles, then the Cincinnati general manager). He was very nice to me. 'Go down and get some experience, son', he said, and the next thing I knew I was on a train for Birmingham."

END



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